BRITISH MUSEUM

JOHN BULL

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The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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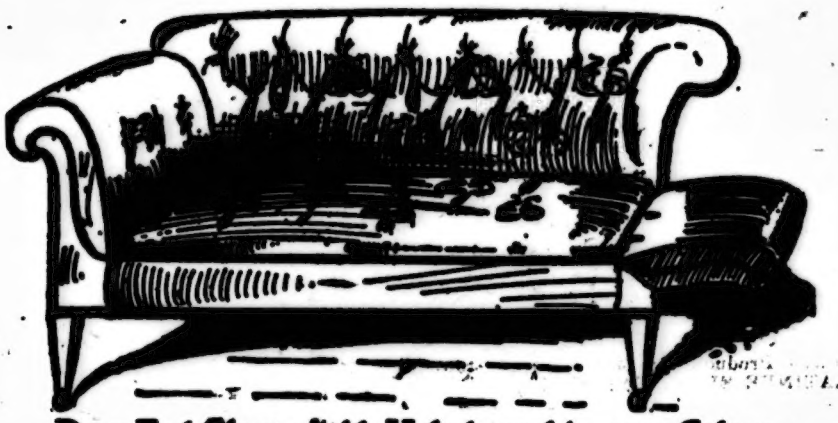

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A. M. STEWART, Managing Director.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

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All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

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Preliminary Advertisement.

By Order of the High Court of Justice, Chancery Division (Liverpool District Registry).

By Mr. PETER DAVIES, F.A.I., on Thursday, the 24th September next, at three o'clock p.m., at the Law Association Rooms, 14 Cook Street, Liverpool:

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Three cheers for the King! Whilst Ministers are vieing with each other to appease the public mind over our relations with Germany; whilst one section of the press is howling at the Fatherland and another grovelling at its feet; whilst Keir Hardie is rebuking his Socialist comrades for even thinking of the possibility of war—whilst, indeed, we are all sixes and sevens about the whole thing, His Majesty just drops in *en route* to his Marienbad cure, and, over a glass of laager beer and a pipe, puts everything right with both Germany and Austria. *Whilst King Edward the Seventh lives, there will be no European War.* God save the King!

What a lot of things country-house parties are responsible for! And now we have our only Winston tumbling head over ears in love with Miss Clementine Hozier, the beautiful granddaughter of the Earl of Airlie—and an engagement is the result. It all happened at a little house-party at Blenheim Palace—consisting of the Duke, Mr. Churchill, Mr. F. E. Smith, M.P., and his wife, and Lady Blanche Hozier and Miss Clementine. May the happy couple ever have cause to bless the day they met!

A Bill passed the Lords just before the adjournment of Parliament, and will come before the Commons when it reassembles, bearing this significant title: "A Bill to regulate the turning out upon Commons of Entire Animals." At first, we thought it had some subtle reference to the constitution of the Lower House—but a moment's reflection satisfied us that such could not be the case.

Somebody has sent us a copy of *Good Words*, containing an article on "Evangelising the Barmaid," one sentence from which we cannot refrain from quoting: "Owing to the long hours they are kept standing in an atmosphere that is only too frequently STAINED WITH PROFANITY and strong tobacco, they are extremely liable to CONTRACT CONSUMPTION and other fell complaints." Medical science is indeed making rapid strides.

Trade evidently *is* bad. Dining at Scott's the other night, we were shocked to observe on our table a little card notifying us that "the Proprietor having acquired a few bottles of Pommery (vintage 1892) they are to be sold at 35s. per bottle." We suppose it's the quantity that pays—as the restaurant keeper said when explaining that he lost 3d. on every meal he served.

We always like those headlines in the papers telling of young men ruined by racing and gambling. The other day our eye was hit by the startling announcement that an officer in the Guards had lost £50,000 in this way. But on reading the report of the young blood's bankruptcy proceedings, we noted that these losses rested solely on his statement, whilst his books did show a loss of £50,000 in a motor business and of nearly as much on the Stock Exchange. But "Guard officer ruined by business and Stock Exchange speculation" wouldn't have done at all.

The same cant pervades most of our Courts. Just attribute your downfall to drink or betting and you'll invariably save half the penalty—which will be kept in hand for the first bookmaker or publican who happens to come along; whilst, of course, if you have been "an earnest Churchworker," you'll generally get off scot-free.

Here is a little case in point. The other day a man was brought before Police-Judge Calderwood at

Glasgow, charged with playing the three-card trick on licensed premises. Three months. On the same day, before the same magistrate, two men were charged with assaulting two men and a woman. Mr. Calderwood described the assault as a "dastardly" one, and imposed a fine or 30 days!

We deal, on our City page, with the financial and general aspect of the contemplated railway amalgamation. But we desire here to observe that these projected combines are but one step more in the direction of what we are convinced will be the ultimate solution of the railway problem—nationalisation. A generation ago such an idea was looked upon as rank Socialism. To-day it is beginning to be regarded as the right and natural thing that all great monopolies incidental to the public service should be State affairs. Just as the franchise is the political specific for revolution, nationalisation of the public services is the antidote to Socialism.

Will those good people who think that imprisonment for debt is an obsolete institution in this country do us the honour of referring to Section 2 of the Distress for Rates Act, 1849 (12 and 13 Vic., c. 14), which provides that where there are not sufficient goods to satisfy the levy, two Justices may (without any evidence of means, and even without notice) commit the defaulting ratepayer to prison for three months? No question of contempt of Court here, you see.

Archdeacon Wilberforce has discovered that in days gone by the human race possessed the power of wordless communion with the dumb creation—and this, he tells us, is the real meaning of the Balaam's ass story. Why didn't the reverend gentleman try his theory on his own audience?

For vital reasons it is a pity that London lags so far behind in contributing its full patriotic share to the Territorial Army. We say vital reasons because this new volunteer force for home defence stands for this country perilously near the border-line which separates voluntary from compulsory military service. If the scheme should fail of the object the War Minister has in view, if the young manhood of the nation should stand apart from this effort to build up an efficient home army with volunteers, or if employers should discourage, as only employers can, this call to the young citizens of our nation to join the army of its defence, then the day may come when we shall find ourselves face to face with no possible alternative than that of conscription. This Territorial Army is one for the defence of our homes, primarily; but it is also a machine for making lithe, strong, full-blooded manhood, proud of its place in the national destiny.

It is a strange, even an extraordinary thing, that London, the superb capital of our country, the heart and centre of an Empire such as no human eye in past times beheld in its wildest visions of glory, is willing to offer from the abounding fullness of its citizenship but five brigades to the Territorial Army. Is this to be its total contribution? Are Berlin, and Petersburg, and Paris, and Vienna, and the other waistcoat-pocket capitals of the Powers which count, scornfully to look on while this Territorial force is in the making and say, "See this vaunted London of seven million people. All it is able to muster is—five brigades! What a spectacle! What a farce! What a fiasco!" We know London can do better than this. We believe it will do better than this. We are persuaded that it will not show a face shamed to the rest of the nation, shamed to the world. But let it rally to the proof quickly. It has lagged behind long enough. Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm. There is no fuss and fustian about this force. It is the real article, not the sounding claptrap of a music-hall. It is responsible and not ornamental soldiering. And to crown all, it is not jingo soldiering to crush out little communities or to put to sword and flame other people's homes, but to front it to the world for the defence of our own. That is the pride and blessing of it. Who rallies to its trumpets?

A man from Dundee complains that he recently walked for two hours through the crowded thoroughfares of London and never once saw anybody smile. But London is not really the place to see the smile that won't come off. During the day everybody is too busy to smile, and at night too tired. It may be doubted whether, outside New York and Philadelphia, there is any city on the face of the habitable earth where, if human faces are to be taken as a looking-glass, the people are less pleased with that state of life to which it has pleased Providence to call them than they are in London. Start from Trafalgar Square, move along through the Strand and Fleet Street, up Ludgate Hill, through Cheapside towards the Bank and the Exchange, and you will see the human face in all its varieties, and all its varieties set hard, as in plaster of Paris. When a smile does cross it for a fleeting second, it seems almost as if the face would break under the strain of effort, In all the dense, onrushing multitude, the only two-legged creature who seems really happy is the small boy, to whom all work is play and all play mischief. Beyond any doubt, the strain of London does appear to have frightened from its human faces all trace of happy yesterdays and confident to-morrows. You cannot see in them either the joy of realisation or of anticipation. It is all Rent, Rates, and Taxes.

The Rev. A. N. Cooper, the "walking parson," has some good stories of Yorkshiremen in his new book "Across the Broad Acres." Here is one of them. A Yorkshireman arrived one night at a hostelry to find every bed engaged. However, a Southerner already in possession of a bed offered to share it with him, and at bedtime politely offered the newcomer choice of the right or the left side of the bed. Which did he prefer? "Well," said the Yorkshireman, "tha can lay on which side tha' pleases, but ah shall lay in t'middle." Now a Scotsman—but we may as well keep out of hot water.

And so poor old Sankey is dead. We well remember upwards of thirty years ago attending one of his "services" at the Agricultural Hall—when we sat with twenty thousand people, packed together like sardines; and even to-day, as we write, there rings in our ears a popular street refrain of that period:—

Sankey had a wooden leg,
Kicked old Moody out o' bed—
Hoop-la; hoop-la; hoop-la, lay.

Little thought we that the words were to some extent prophetic, for an even greater physical infirmity overtook him, and he finished his last years in total blindness. Always, like most Revivalists, more or less mad, his son some years ago became a hopeless lunatic—and in such surroundings ended the career of one of the most remarkable exploiters of religio-sexual hysteria of modern times.

We wonder what would have been said had Bradlaugh been overtaken by a similar fate? How the pious would have pointed to it as a visitation for his sins. Sins! We are ashamed of ourselves for mentioning Sankey's name on the same page as his.

It is obvious that if Mr. Pye-Smith, Professor of Surgery in the University of Sheffield, had his way, not many people would be troubled with a vermiform appendix. Ever since Sir Frederick Treves had the honour to remove the one which caused King Edward so much trouble, anxiety, and danger, a vast number of vermiform appendices have been shed, especially in fashionable circles. But there are still a great many of them about, none of them being of any known use to their owners. It has been suggested that the vermiform

appendix should be removed whenever it is get-at-able during an operation in its vicinity; and, again, that it "should be removed during the quiescent or interval stage when an attack of appendicitis has been recovered from without operation." Mr. Pye-Smith says he regards both these suggestions as reasonable, and that he has frequently acted upon them. In other words, you go to be operated on for some abdominal complaint which is not appendicitis, and you arise without your vermiform appendix. Happily, you will never miss it; you won't really. This is one of the things Nature has given you in over-plus of generosity, and you may as well let the surgeon have it.

According to an outfitters' paper, "what is wanted is a distinctive and picturesque costume for every trade and profession." As it happens, this is precisely what *isn't* wanted. Some hundreds of years ago people went abroad in the special dress of their station or quality, so that you could tell a nobleman from a village blacksmith, even on Sundays. So far as we are aware, there is not any insuperable objection to Members of the House of Lords dressing in silk, gold lace, ruffles, and all the rest of it, and we should like to see 'em do it. We should then be able to recognise our hereditary legislators. But the trades and professions of this country are now multifarious, and if all of us were to dress according to our vocations, we should soon fall into the habit of our women, and regard the whole world as a fancy dress ball. Besides, what would become of the workman's Sunday top hat? It is the most cherished institution of our happy land.

No sooner has Count Zeppelin's airship gone on what some persons in the street would inelegantly call "the bust," than Mr. Wilbur Wright draws aside the veil of mystery from his aeroplane and starts flying like a bird. Here is a lofty-domed Yankee outside of a lump of complicated ironmongery, measuring 45 feet across, making graceful circles 100 yards above ground, then rising 60 feet in air, flying over the tops of trees, "executing the most complicated turnings, figures of eight, and serpentine movements," and then coming down after a flight of 2½ miles as lightly and gracefully as a butterfly. This puts the aerial performances of Messieurs Farman and Delagrange into the deep shades. Where are the British aeroplanists? Waiting till they can improve on the patent? Now we see why Lloyd George got the Patents Act through.

London ratepayers may now reflect with Emerson that every misfortune has its compensation. Our spiritual friend the *Daily News* states that "one of the prettiest sights in London at the present moment is the delightful display of wild flowers now blooming on the waste ground between Aldwych and the Strand. Dame Nature and her beneficent fairies have produced a garden of such exquisite beauty that the charming floral effect is proving a public attraction." It is kind of Dame Nature, without a doubt. As nobody will buy the "finest site in Europe," she is making it "one of the prettiest sights in London." But then so she should. If she cannot grow beautiful daisies, dandelions, buttercups, and other noble flora and fauna on land costing we forget how many thousands a square inch, she cannot grow them anywhere. They are probably the costliest floricultural exhibits in the world. The only wonder is that instead of planting buttercups and daisies Dame Nature hasn't filled the whole space with new species of orchids. In that case, the London County Council might have turned them into solid cash in relief of the rates. But the buttercup and daisy market is overstocked, and we doubt whether there is anything else on the Aldwych site which would fetch a penny a root in Farringdon Street market. Still, as our contemporary says, the effect is pretty, and in a hundred years from now it may be even prettier. The wild waste may have become a noble forest.

Here is an instructive comment on our recent paragraph respecting bad language in coffee-houses. It comes from Huddersfield:

> In reference to the paragraph which appears in your current issue, *re* bad language in coffee houses, etc., I am at one with your correspondent in his complaint.
>
> During a six months' sojourn in London, I visited a great number of coffee "palaces," and the language used by the frequenters absolutely disgusted me.
>
> I am not particularly squeamish, but the utter depravity of some of these "boy-men" is appalling.
>
> I know *many* public-houses here in Yorkshire where, though a man may be perfectly sober, should he happen to swear, or even spit on the floor, his refreshment would be taken away from him, his money returned; and he would be requested to refrain from entering the house again.

We again earnestly direct the attention of Sir Thos. Whittaker to the matter.

At the Clerkenwell Police Court the other day Mr. Baggallay took a refreshingly commonsense view of an application for a warrant against a woman alleged to be keeping a disorderly house. "Why a warrant?" he demanded. "Because," answered the too-candid solicitor, "a warrant often enables the police to obtain additional evidence." On further questioning, it turned out that the Information upon which the warrant was sought was founded on observations three weeks old, that the document had been first sent to Scotland Yard, from Scotland Yard to the Borough Council, and from the Borough Council to the solicitor. So that after all this delay a warrant was to be demanded as a pressing necessity, put in force at once, and the woman locked up without an opportunity of obtaining her evidence of defence while the police ransacked every hole and corner for evidence against her. The proposed procedure was so obviously unfair that Mr. Baggallay declined to grant the warrant and told the solicitor to take a summons. Warrants were never intended to be granted or used for the purposes admitted by the police in this case, and we share the amazement of the magistrate that they made the application. It can hardly be condemned in too vigorous terms.

Judges do get posers sometimes. His Honour of the Southampton County Court has had before him on judgment summonses, all on the same day, a number of men with pathetically tremendous families. One man owned up to seventeen children, another said he had fourteen, and another apologised for twelve, while sixes and sevens were quite common. If His Honour had sent these experts in population statistics to gaol, the ratepayers of Southampton would have had to keep the various colonies of children. He saved the ratepayers that infliction, and probably mollified the plaintiffs—though the reporter does not say so—by making orders for payment at a ha'penny a month. What a sane and sober citizen wants with seventeen children heaven alone knows, unless to consume goods without paying for 'em. There is a story that—but no matter; you'll only say you've heard it.

We have often wished to say something rather nasty about the old masters, but we have never been able to bring our courage to the sticking place. If you were to go into an art gallery and boldly proclaim that, for your part, you preferred a nice new Christmas almanac, all the critics would arise in their might and condemn your taste in art. Yet here is Sir William Richmond, R.A., denouncing at the Art Congress the dealers who, he alleges, "can and do mar the progress of modern art by the sale at enormous prices of indifferent old masters, which the buying public, if it were taught to discriminate, would esteem at their proper value." The present value of an old master, of course, is what a dealer can persuade you to give for it, and, speaking frankly, we don't think you get sufficient paint for your money. There have been sold for thousands of pounds

old masters which we wouldn't hang up in—our coal-cellar.

According to the reporter, there were "painful and pathetic scenes" when Nora Murphy and Christina Rennie were charged on remand with shoplifting at Portsmouth. "The accused, who were fashionably dressed, reside with their husbands in the Southport suburbs of Ainsdale and Birkdale, and their arrest caused the greatest surprise in the district." The shoplifting habits of these ladies extended over a wide range, from claret and cherry whisky, to gloves, shoes, and towels. The husband of one of them "completely broke down in court, weeping bitterly when he testified to his wife's happy and sober life." Nobody will withhold sympathy from a man disgraced and distressed as he must have been; such a charge against one's nearest and dearest might well break the heart of any man. But when that is said, stealing is stealing, and shoplifting is shoplifting, whether committed by fashionably-dressed ladies or by poor creatures driven to their offence by temptation or desperation. "After a lengthy retirement, the Mayor said the Bench could not overlook the offence, and the prisoners would be fined the maximum of £20 and costs, or in default three months' imprisonment." We are often urging magistrates to temper justice with mercy. In the main, indeed, we are not at all sure that the world could not well do with less justice and more mercy. Far be it from us, therefore, to speak other than praise for the magisterial mercy in this case. All we ask of the Mayor and his colleagues is that when some poor creature not fashionably-dressed is brought before them for a similar offence, they will act in a similar spirit.

The decision of the Dean of Arches in the case of the refusal of Canon Thompson to admit to Communion those who have contracted a deceased wife's sister's marriage has created much discussion in the Church. Of course, on the broad subject of marriage with a deceased wife's sister it may be that the ecclesiastical law is in direct conflict with the new Act; but in regard to admission to Communion it cannot be said that those who contract them necessarily come within the rubric as "open and notorious evil livers." If a man married his great grandmother, and then presented himself for Communion, probably he would be properly refused bread and wine on the ground that he was an open and notorious evil liver; it would even strike us that way ourselves, though we are not of the clergy. But marrying your deceased wife's sister is now so highly respectable that even a Bishop with nine children might do it without a blush.

The Poisons and Pharmacy Bill will be strongly opposed in the House of Commons. The object is to raise a discussion on the promiscuous sale of poisons. There is no doubt that if a man wants to kill himself or anybody else it is as easy to purchase poison for the deadly deed as it is to purchase cheese or bacon. Any horticultural sundriesman, or paint and colourman, will sell you enough poison in bulk to send a whole village to kingdom come. But whatever restrictions on the sale of poison might be, it would always be obtainable in some way, and absolute prohibition is of course impossible. It is the drink question over again. And it requires the same commonsense treatment.

There is a man Tooting way who won't be crushed beneath the heel of the oppressor. Recently the County Council put on a car for women only, with the object of saving them from crowd and crush. The result was that if the women *would* fight for a place, they had to fight among themselves; which on the whole was fairer than pitting them against their bifurcated fellow creatures. But one day recently a man entered the Eden, and being requested by the conductor to clear out, he respectfully declined so to do, claimed the right as a citizen of no mean city to pay his twopence and keep his seat, and protested that the Council had no more power to run a special car for women than it had to run a special car for men, or other animals. This contention has now been upheld by the Commissioner of Police, and ladies who decline to come into the general crush will have to walk, or take shelter until the competition abates. When there is a feminine Commissioner of Police they can take their revenge.

You can insure pretty nearly anything at Lloyd's, but the American firm who applied to insure the sale before October of a number of sheath gowns which they ordered from Paris now know that this is not a risk which comes within the purview of a Lloyd's policy. The firm could have insured a ton of Parisian pyjamas, have-a-peep blouses, and open-worked stockings for ocean passage between Marseilles and New York; but when it comes to asking for insurance against probable loss through the threat of Mr. Antony Comstock to have arrested any New York woman whom he catches wearing a dress with a slit up the side for the display of her walking apparatus, the thing is out of the question. Naturally, few members of even New York's Smart Set are anxious to get run in, and so probably the cargo of imported sheath gowns will have either to go into unsaleable stock or be sold as new fashioned *robes de nuit*. Life and business are full of anxieties.

The character readers, like the doctors, have always differed. Never, it used to be said, judge a man by his clothes; yet many people persist in judging him by the coat he wears, while others swear by the crease down his trousers. Now an expert in the hosiery business, a Mr. Robert Venner, asserts that "socks and waistcoats are the best index to a man's character." It may be so; for our part, we would rather judge a man by his pyjamas. It would be rash to assume that a man who wears green socks and a red waistcoat has a black heart; but, whenever you see a man wearing sky blue pyjamas with pink and gold stripes, beware of that man. He is of a frivolous disposition. He has minstrel blood in his veins.

We recall that during a debate in the House of Commons, Burke drew a dagger from his breast and theatrically cast it on the floor. "The honourable member has thrown down his knife," exclaimed his famous opponent in derision, "but where is the fork?" The knife affair in the Servian Parliament the other day was more serious. The pro-regicide Dragowitch, who drew his steel on Georgewitch the Jew in the heat of debate, evidently meant business. But for the interference of other members, indeed, Georgewitch would probably have needed a funeral, for the knife would probably have done its work before the Speaker had called on Dragowitch to withdraw it. The pro-regicides and regicides of Servia are certainly a crimson crowd, and it seems rather a pity that the populace is so slow in stringing up the lot. Meanwhile the British Minister goes merrily along. When will Sir Edward Grey recall him? Great Britain should have no representative at a murderer's Court.

Evidently it is time we blacked out the milkmaid from our picture books. It is a great pity, for, like the ship that sails upon the sea, she is a pretty sight. Rosy, buxom, smiling, saucy, tossing her head with the air of a duchess—there she is, putting Mr. Supercilious Young into his place as soon as he starts asking questions. The truth is, the pretty maid is vanishing. In the Tendering district of Surrey, according to the Medical Officer, she has already vanished; the place which knew her knows her no more. She has been crowded out by the cowman, who "does all the dirty work about the place." There is even a doubt whether, when he milks the cow, he washes his hands. In any

case, the milk supply is largely composed of dirt. The maid whose face was her fortune was not only daintier, but cleaner, and cleanliness is next to godliness. Besides, it makes the milk taste better. We are not behind the scenes at the Local Government Board or the Board of Agriculture, but we venture to suggest that Mr. Burns or Lord Carrington should offer a prize to anybody who will invent a really practicable method of milking cows by machinery.

Some more school howlers: "Abram was the father of a Lot." "The equator runs through the centre of the earth; at one end is a cancer, and at the other end a capricorn." "A paragon is a perfect figure; it cannot contain any more angels." "Charon was so called because he fried soles over the sticks." "David's father was nicknamed Jesse, because he was the flower of Dunblane." "Paul is supposed to be a wise man; he never married." "During the Reformation every clergyman had to receive 39 articles." "Titus was a Roman Emperor; he was a Quaker, and his other name was Oates." "A toga is a naval officer in Japan." "'Exegi monumentum aere perennius' means, 'I have swallowed a monument harder than brass.'" "A demagogue is a vessel containing beer and other waters." "Eli fell sick, and brought up Samuel." "An optimist looks after your eyes, and a pessimist sees to your feet." "The sun never sets on British possessions, because they are in the north, south, and east." "Napoleon was born on Mount Vesuvius." "Samson slew the Philistines with the axe of the Apostles." "An emolument is physic for soothing babies." "William the Conqueror introduced the fuddle cistern into England; he was a great man, but he fell off a horse when it pummelled him." "An altar is what a horse wears on his neck." "Dogs swim with their paws, fish use fins, and little boys bathing pants." "The Stoics were disciples of Zero, which means believing in nothing." "John the Baptist was beheaded for dancing with the daughter of Herodotus." "Eno's wife was turned into a pillow of Fruit Salt."

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for issues of June 27, July 4 and 11:—

J. BEDFORD, 33, Elm Bank, Manchester Old Road, Heaton Chapel, near Stockport. (No. 9279—June 27th.)
W. F. FIELDEN, 26, Hornsey Lane, Highgate, N. (No. 30147—July 4th.)
S. WARREN, 49, Avondale Road, Palmer's Green. (No. 13353—July 4th.)
A. E. HARRIS, 315, Summer Lane, Birmingham. (No. 962—July 11th.)
W. S. HOLMES, 32, Audley Gardens, Seven Kings, Ilford. (No. 127200—July 11th.)
C. R. HORN, 16, Knight Street, Wellingborough. (No. 112418—July 11th.)
G. BENNETT, 32, Oswald Street, Clapton Park, N.E. (No. 60669—July 11th.)
THOMAS GRIFFITHS, 33, Pentreguinea Road, St. Thomas, Swansea. (No. 103864—July 11th.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of July 18:—

944; 1426; 3856; 9724; 11629; 15179; 15549; 15606; 16102; 18864; 25149; 28951; 32540; 37603; 37754; 37920; 42853; 47170; 50134; 50880; 61111; 64740; 65832; 67385; 71414; 73083; 77133; 78199; 81764; 87626; 90463; 93011; 94249; 94639; 95836; 96696; 96996; 101174; 101561; 103370; 104064; 106647; 113908; 115812; 120476; 120913; 122744; 128726; 125901; 129093.

INITIAL NUMBERS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED SEPTEMBER 26th (PUBLISHED SEPTEMBER 24th).

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For publishing on a Tuesday a "special forecast for the 24 hours ending midnight Monday,"
THE *DAILY EXPRESS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For referring to Australasia and New Zealand as two different places,
THE *DAILY NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For saying that a cricketer "carried out his bat for 114, which included a 6 and thirty 4's,"
THE *SPORTING CHRONICLE,*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing a Te Deum at Westminster as "Hopkins in H,"
THE *MUSICAL NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising the loss of a large pig which "had no marks on his ears except a short tail and a slight limp in one leg,"
MR. CLARK, OF ELY,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising "white and coloured ladies' bathing costumes,"
MR. JOHN M'KIE, of Dalbeattie,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "the King pardoned a criminal condemned to execution in commemoration of his birth,"
THE GREENOCK TELEGRAPH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "the widow of the deceased stated that her husband was weak on his feet, which occasionally failed her,"
THE *BIRMINGHAM EVENING DESPATCH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "this wedding was really a very pretty woman,"
THE *OBSERVER*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Mr. Allen had not defrauded any SIMPLE *customer of Stuckey's Bank,"*
THE *BRIDGWATER INDEPENDENT*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that, until last night, Sacco, the fasting man, "had smoked over 2,300 cigarettes and consumed about the operetta house,"
THE *EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH,*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "when the bell rang Larner was twenty yards ahead of Webb. He increased this in the last lap and won by eighteen yards,"
THE *SPORTSMAN*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that, during the Marathon race, "two striking figures in the group were the Red Indian ancestors of the Canadian team,"
THE *DAILY MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a "wonderfully trained Arabian stallion recently astounded all London by riding in Rotten Row, Hyde Park, in a Directoire costume,"
THE MANAGER OF THE CARDIFF EMPIRE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For writing "I had my eyes nailed and clenched on the door of the ante-room,"
A CONTRIBUTOR TO "Y. BRYTHON"
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE "SPIRIT PHOTO" FAKE.

ARCHDEACON COLLEY'S VAGUE RESPONSE TO OUR CHALLENGE.

We stated last week that in regard to this matter Archdeacon Colley is either a fraud or a fool. We do not for one moment suggest the former, as from his own story we gather that he has been imposed upon by one or other of the well-known tricks. The worthy Archdeacon thinks it impertinence on our part to question his veracity—but we may mention that a few years ago, at the request of a well-known occultist, we personally sat for some "spirit" photos, which were duly developed and subsequently reproduced by us in *The Sun* newspaper. A weird and mystic daub appeared behind our backs, and upon our enquiring from the photographer the identity of the "astral" visitor, the wily old fellow, with simulated innocence, observed: "'E says 'e was a lecturer—'ave you never 'eard the name of 'Uxley?" This reply greatly impressed our occultist companion, but, coupled with other circumstances we need not here go into, left no doubt in our minds as to the nature of the imposture practiced upon us.

As we go to press, the following remarkable letter from Archdeacon Colley has come to hand. We will deal with it next week:—

Stockton Rectory, Rugby.

Archdeacon Colley being from home yesterday casually heard of a challenge made by the Editor of John Bull in respect of Spirit Photography and, returning, looked to have found awaiting him a communication that courtesy might have elicited from the Editor on the matter.

Failing still to have received such expected letter, and not yet knowing the nature of the challenge, Archdeacon Colley instructs his solicitor to accept it for him if in the interest of truth, and not merely to increase the circulation of John Bull, such challenge is fairly made, no further reflection being cast on the honour of a clergyman that with "no hesitation whatever" discourteously led the Editor, July 23rd, to allow in publication a personal application of the impertinent words "fee and fake and fraud," which, of course, Archdeacon Colley could notice only by action at law.

Saturday, August 15th, 1908.

We print below an interesting contribution from a Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society:—

THE TRUTH ABOUT SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

John Bull has undoubtedly done the correct thing in throwing out a challenge to Archdeacon Colley. He no doubt remembers the Maskelyne affair, and will probably not accept it. Were I in his shoes I would, however, accept it, and would, moreover, produce the pictures simply because the conditions are not strict enough. Accompanying the spirit photographer in the dark-room is not enough; the challenger should supply the plates, see them put in the slides, taken out, and afterwards developed.

It is obvious that the Archdeacon has been duped, for the plates evidently left his hands. If they did not, why did he diamond-mark them? There is no need for any photographer to mark his plates if they are not to leave his hands. Expert and acknowledged authorities have before now obtained so-called spirit forms when they have allowed the plates to leave them, and in one well-known case the plates were "got at" before the expert used them; the dealer was "squared" to sell specially prepared plates.

It is interesting to note that so-called spirit or ghost photographs owe their origin to cute Americans, and many continue to reach us from that great and wonderful country.

It was early in the year 1861 that a jeweller of Boston, named Mumler, produced the first spirit photographs and made a pot of money out of them, only to be arrested afterwards for obtaining money by false pretences; it is only fair, however, to state that he was acquitted. His followers have been many, one of the most remarkable of whom was Mr. Foster, of Indiana, who produced some fearful and wonderful pictures in 1893. Forms of departed people appeared on his plates in hundreds, and spiritualists were kept busy in sorting out their dear departed ones. One particular and very pretty face—a spirit face, of course—appeared very often, and probably was recognised by several people as a relative, but it was recognised once too often. A Mr. Murray, who knew something about oil paintings, noticed a strong resemblance of the charming spirit face to the characteristic type of female face painted by the well-known artist, O. Sichel. A slight search, and lo! the whole trickery was unmasked, and no one heard anything more about Mr. Foster. This exposure is only one of several, both in America and other parts of the globe.

Here in England, professional photographers who lay themselves out for spirit photography are not so daring; they know better than to use a well-known face, but they frequently make the mistake of using the same spirit face, or ghost, on several photographs. One spiritualistic friend of mine carefully treasured up a so-called spirit photograph of his departed grandmother, until I produced a photograph taken on another occasion, bearing the same spirit face, which was claimed by another spiritualist to be his grandmother as well!

Spiritualists put great faith in photography, and while they do so they will always find some second and third-rate photographers big enough rogues to produce the spirit pictures they require. Great faith is put in photography because they claim—and rightly too—that things unseen by the eye can be photographed, and because one of the greatest photographic experts of the day—Mr. J. Traill Taylor, late editor of the *British Journal of Photography*—once secured some wonderful photographs of spirits at a seance he visited. But all spiritualists forget to mention, or perhaps do not know, that Mr. Taylor recanted before his death, and confessed that he had been badly duped; could he have done so he would have recalled his famous and oft-quoted lecture on the subject. He always promised his friends that, if spirit photography were possible, he would not fail to impress his spirit form upon their plates, but no spirit picture of him has yet appeared.

Our leading photographic experts of to-day have all made experiments, but with no result. Mediums, while professing their belief in the possibility of spirit photography, do all they can to hinder a recognised expert in his work of investigation, and while they do so and he is unable to obtain results, and only unknown photographers in a back street can produce them, such pictures will always be looked upon with suspicion by those who thoroughly understand the art of photography and know very well how easy it is to produce faked prints.

The late Mr. A. L. Henderson, a name known to photographers throughout the world, did his best to solve the problem, but he gave it up in disgust after many failures, and when he found that a recognised spirit photographer with whom he worked was surreptitiously exposing his plates to the keyhole of the dark-room, for the purpose of securing for Mr. Henderson a "spirit form" as a sort of encouragement. Other experts have discovered similar pranks being played upon them.

The spirit photographs of to-day have not a genuine look; they all appear as copies or double exposures. Those taken with a stereoscopic camera always show the medium, or sitter, in bold relief, as they should do, but the ghost portion is never in relief, it always appears flat, which proves it was not there at the time the negative was taken.

A spirit photograph I have in front of me as I write; it is claimed to be genuine. The spirit form is supposed to be luminous, or semi-luminous, a body invisible to the eye, but possessing sufficient of the actinic rays to impress the plate. But in my photograph of it, it has deep shadows, and I have yet to learn that a luminous or semi-luminous body can throw a shadow on itself. The spirit form is clearly lighted from another source, and, in time, I shall probably find the original picture from which it was copied.

Spirit photographs are not nearly so common as they used to be in the earlier days. In 1893 there was a partial revival, but it did not last long, owing to so many frauds being discovered. Photographers, even at the present day, certainly get curious and unlooked-for markings and forms upon their plates, but instead of putting the same down to psychic forms, as they did years ago, they pay more attention to the state of their camera, developing and fixing baths, and the psychic forms come again no more; if by any chance they do, the camera is overhauled again. In the days previous to dry plates, that is to say, when wet and home-prepared plates were used, it was no unusual thing to get something unlooked for on the plate, and probably something which was not seen before the camera when the exposure was made; but such were easily accounted for by photographers who understood their work. To-day, when photography has been brought to a high state of perfection, and when a plate is used but once only, mysterious markings are very rare.

I have been present with my camera on several occasions when a medium has told me that astral bodies were present, and that he could see them. I believed the mediums, and I believe them now, for they can undoubtedly see the forms, but they do not exist in space, or even outside their brain. They are simply day-dreams or brain pictures, which, like orthodox ghosts, can only be seen by one person, that person having a highly sensitive and imaginative brain, where such visions are conjured up. If they existed in space, the forms could, for scientific reasons I need not explain here, easily be photographed.

"THE IGNORANCE OF BRITISH OFFICERS."

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

By VEDETTE.

In JOHN BULL of August 8th Mr. R. Edmondson makes a bitter attack upon the alleged professional incompetence of our military officers. It is perhaps a subject that has by this time been worn a trifle threadbare, especially on the part of those who left the Army under circumstances in any way similar to those that attended Mr. Edmondson's retirement from his position as a Squadron Sergeant-Major of the Imperial Yeomanry between five and six years ago. There is, however, another side to the question to which equal attention should be directed, and one upon which I, as one who has been brought into very intimate connection with the commissioned ranks of the Army in general and the Guards in particular, now propose to write. That there are good and bad officers it is, of course, idle to deny, any more than it would be to assert that, though in South Africa there were many non-commissioned officers of the Imperial Yeomanry who were first-rate, capable, and a credit to their rank, there were none who were a constant source of trouble and annoyance to all with whom they were brought into contact.

GUARDS' PROBATIONERS.

In both cases, however, the capable greatly outnumber the incapable, and in dealing with a question of this nature it is impossible to write otherwise than broadly and in general terms. What, then, is the gravamen of Mr. Edmondson's first charge? That he learns "on good authority that out of sixteen Guards officers who were admitted as 'probationers' no less a number than fourteen have failed to come up to the required standard." One is curious to know what and who this "good authority" may be. I have asked the commanding officers of two of the Guards regiments about it and they profess entire ignorance of the whole affair. It may be pointed out, on the other hand, that there are at the present time only twenty-five of these probationer officers in the whole of the Household Troops, seven in the cavalry and eighteen in the infantry. When the last examination of these was held, seven—not sixteen—presented themselves, and all came up to the standard demanded. Comment here seems unnecessary. No one is concerned to defend this "probationer" system of obtaining officers for the Guards, and, indeed, I have been one of its severest critics since it was first, unwisely as I think, introduced. But there is no evidence whatever to support the allegation that those who join as probationers are of lower educational attainments than those who pass through Sandhurst in the ordinary course. After this system had been working long enough to enable an opinion to be formed, the officers commanding each of the cavalry and infantry regiments of the Guards were called upon to report upon it, to say how far it was proving successful or the reverse; and especial importance was attached to the class of men obtained as probationers, their education and their general abilities. In each case it was specifically declared that these probationers were well up to the average of their brother officers in every respect, while in some of the reports it was actually stated that they showed a higher standard of education and general ability owing, in the main, to the fact that they joined at a later age than the Sandhurst cadets.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND THE GUARDS.

Mr. Edmondson then goes on to infer, by implication, that these probationers should be promptly swept away and their places filled from the "thousands of excellent non-commissioned officers who could easily pass the required test." As an ex-soldier Mr. Edmondson must know that he is talking arrant nonsense and merely writing for the edification of those who know nothing of the Army and its needs. It has been my good fortune to meet a large number of non-commissioned officers throughout the Army—good fellows all of them. I have yet to meet one, however, who had the slightest desire to obtain a commission in the Guards, or one who is not perfectly aware that he is totally unfitted for such a position even if it were offered to him. There are, it is true, one or two instances on record in which men, gifted above the ordinary and in special circumstances, have obtained commissions in the Household Troops through the ranks, and it is only a few years since one of the cavalry regiments was commanded by such a one. But these are the rare exceptions that go to prove the rule, and it may safely be said that not in one particular is the best non-commissioned officer the Army possesses either fit or anxious to hold a commission in the Guards.

STAFF OFFICERS.

The most grave charge of the many that Mr. Edmondson brings so recklessly is his attack upon our Staff Officers, which he rightly terms "the brain of the Army." One wonders whether it is malice or merely ignorance that influences him most in making this attack. The British Staff Officer, it may be asserted most emphatically, compares very favourably with those holding similar positions in the army of any other Power at the present time. This, it may be added, is the deliberate opinion of many of our leading Generals. In official documents issued during recent years and to which access may be readily gained, this declaration is set down in one form or another by, among others, the Duke of Connaught, Earl Roberts, Lord Kitchener, Lord Grenfell, Sir John French, and Sir William Nicholson. Suggestions for improvement are made from time to time it is true, and it would be most surprising if the reverse were the case. These eminent soldiers and many others, however, all bear testimony to the high professional capacity of our Staff Officers. In the face of this fact very strong proof of incapacity must be brought forward. Sweeping assertions cannot be accepted. It is an admitted fact that the Staff College examinations are to-day much more difficult than was the case, say, ten years ago, and they have grown more difficult year by year. Yet last year the official figures show that a greater number of officers passed and a higher average of marks was obtained than at any previous examination. Further, there lies in front of me as I write a proof of Lord Kitchener's criticism of the work accomplished by the staff during the recent frontier expeditions against the Zakka Khels and the Mohmands. Needless to say he has nothing but praise for these officers. And no one could accuse Lord Kitchener of being unduly lenient in his judgment of his subordinates.

STAFF COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS.

The papers set at the Staff College are said to be "by no means difficult." One feels that the quickest and easiest way to cause Mr. Edmondson to change his opinion would be to invite him to answer the questions himself. I have year by year the opportunity to compare these papers with those set at similar examinations of the French, German, Russian, Italian, and other armies, and it is safe to say that our questions are quite 10 per cent. more difficult. And this is the opinion of all who enjoy equal facilities. One fears, too, that Mr. Edmondson's military experience is not great enough to enable his opinion as to what does not constitute a difficult question for experienced staff officers to handle to be accepted with much weight.

HANDWRITING.

The question of handwriting is a vexed one. There is no reason in the world, however, to suppose, much less to assert, that the standard in this direction in the Army is lower than it is outside. At one time and another I have received letters from the editor of every London morning newspaper, and I tremble to think how many of these would call down the fine scorn of Mr. Edmondson. I should hesitate to say, however, that on this account these gentlemen were not fit to hold their present positions. The two worst correspondents I ever had to deal with were the late Dean Stanley and Lord Avebury, but they each seem to have been little or worse for this fact in their different callings. Good handwriting is indisputably a valuable gift in any walk in life, but it is no more an essential in the Army than it is anywhere else, and in any case, as has been said, it is no worse among our officers than it is in any other profession.

EXAGGERATION AND MISSTATEMENT.

Mr. Edmondson indeed ruins his case by exaggeration and misstatement. If he were content to paint in less lurid colours he might possibly obtain the ear of that large public that knows nothing of the Army and its requirements. To put it plainly, our officers, senior and junior, are no better and no worse than are those of corresponding education, experience and social position in the other professions. If they fall short of perfection, the fault must be laid at the door of our national characteristics. As a body our subaltern officers take their careers quite as seriously and work just as hard as any other body of young men. Yet one never hears of these would-be slashing attacks on, say, the Junior Bar or the medical students. Further it must be remembered that in the Army the junior officer gets less remuneration for his services than is the case in any other trade, profession or calling in the world. Those who know the Army best and have sufficient balance of judgment to see things with an impartial eye are unanimous in their opinion that for the money it spends, Great Britain gets better value from its subalterns than does any Power in the world. There Mr. Edmondson and his vitriolic attacks may well be left.

FOOD.

By Jim Crow.

[We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.]

I have often thought that it would be very nice if someone would invent a pellet which we might swallow as a substitute for sleep. No need of Daylight Saving Bills then. We could amuse ourselves all day and all night forever, world without end. No fear of "that tired feeling," which is such a bore when you are conversing with the first lady of your harem, or visiting a French music-hall, or cracking your third bottle, or watching for a burglar, or engaging in any other occupation which requries your undivided attention. You would merely dive into your waistcoat pocket, pull out a little gold box, swallow, and, hey presto! you would be your own alert, vigilant, charming self once more.

The Grace of Gastronomy.

But I am not at all sure that I should welcome food tabloids as a time-saving appliance. I daresay even now we might be able to procure some glue-tasting lozenges or potted-meat jellies or other noxious and nutritious compounds which would reduce meals to the compass of a few minutes. That would be very welcome to the hustlers, who are always complaining about the shortness of life. But, while sleep is a sheer waste of time and utterly to be discouraged save for its refreshing effects, dull, monotonous, sometimes even distressing, meals are a positive pleasure—perhaps one of the greatest pleasures which this troublesome world has to offer.

A Social Sacrament.

Meals, properly understood, partake of the nature of a religious observance. Indeed, I fancy I remember reading somewhere that the Holy Communion is symbolical of the good fellowship which inspires us to gregariousness in eating and drinking. What more piteous sight can be imagined than that of the solitary diner at a restaurant, chewing the cud of his own miserable thoughts and losing half the relish of the most succulent viands and the choicest brands? Just as the secret drinker is the most dangerous type of toper, so is the lonely luncher capable of every crime.

The Compliment of a Carouse.

To eat with a man is to pay him the highest compliment in your power. If you have a fancy for his society, you do not invite him to walk with you or to converse in your study; without a moment's hesitation, you ask him to dinner. If you meet him in the street, you do not take him into a public library or a museum for the exchange of amenities; you choose rather to slap him on the back and drag him into the nearest hostelry and inquire what is his favourite potation. At all costs he must partake of something, either solid or liquid, at your expense.

Even now, in this degenerate age, the good old tradition survives that his acceptance of your entertainment establishes something in the nature of blood-brotherhood. If he has partaken of so much as your salt, it is the worst possible form for him to stab you in the back.

Dreary Dinners.

I am not suggesting that every banquet is necessarily a pleasure. I have known dinner-parties in country houses where fossilised fools guzzle and snuffle and air insipid provincial scandals. But I am convinced that the barbarians would be even more repulsive and saporific if they were encountered when their stomachs were empty. City banquets again are depressing, chiefly perhaps by reason of the commercial atmosphere, which can never be altogether eliminated, and the fashion of inflicting a series of speeches about nothing in particular.

Rousing Repasts.

But the repasts of congenial friends are among the most exquisite delights which the hurry of the present day has still spared to us. Business and all manner of shop are tabooed; the cares and anxieties of daily life are sternly set aside; everyone is at his best and brightest. After-dinner speeches I have condemned, but after-dinner stories are the raciest and most exhilarating of all. When our bellies are "with fat capon lined," not to mention a fair sprinkling of ruddy wine, how effervescent is our wit, how winged are our repartees, how rosy our outlook upon the world at large.

The Selection of Sexes.

To give many dinners is one of the shortest cuts to popularity. But whom should we ask? Some condemn pick-plates as mere parasites, but, after all, your experienced guest is the more fertile source of entertainment. Some dislike the mixing of sexes at meals, but I often think a bachelor party sometimes encourages coarseness of conversation, which is utterly repugnant to my tender temperament. On the whole I am inclined to prefer a party which shall consist of myself and some half-a-dozen ladies. I find that on such an occasion the absence of other males inspires them to a frankness of manners and expressions which are altogether entrancing. With a slight stretch of the imagination, I might almost persuade myself that I was a Pasha in the good old days before the Constitution.

The Golden Rules of Good Gastronomy.

When I began to talk to you about food, I thought I should have to go into dissertations about dishes, but the subject is so vast that, if I tried to condense it into a small space, I should almost be emulating the endeavours of the tabloid makers whom, as a good gourmet, I am bound to discourage. There are, however, a few golden rules which may be of service.

An Encouragement to Extravagance.

Imprimis, order the most expensive things you can find on the bill of fare. There is a certain satisfaction in feeling that you are eating money. Apart from the instincts of ostentation, which I have probably inherited from some Semitic or perhaps negroid an..estor, there is also the fact that you pay more attention to a dish which has cost you a pound than to one which anybody can enjoy for a penny. Secondly, the cook will have taken more trouble to prepare a costly comestible. Of course, I do not advise dainties which are only expensive because they are out of season. Forced fruits and vegetables indeed are often utterly tasteless and interesting only as a curiosity. Strawberries, for instance, are only fit for the pigs when they cost a shilling apiece. But the earliest salmon always seems to me the most delicate.

The Duty of Discrimination.

You must never order anything which a restaurant is unlikely to possess. The manager would hate to confess his impotence and is pretty sure to put you off with some inferior imitation. I do not know why a temperate person like myself should be always drifting to drink, but as I have gone so far in advocating expensive foods, it is a duty to warn you against expensive drinks. In very many hotels it is a regular custom to put the same wine into different bottles, call it by different names, and charge according to your innocence. Until you have tasted it, you cannot know what you are going to drink, and, once you have tasted it, you cannot send it back merely because it does not come up to your expectation. The rascals trade upon the probability that you would rather pay four or five shillings for a bottle of wine than one or two, and the waiters are instructed to recommend the more profitable article. My advice is: Keep to brands you know and then have a very good look at the cork—unless, of course, you are an old client and previous visits have inspired you with confidence.

Let Us Lead the Simple Life.

If you are not quite sure of obtaining the very best food, choose simple things. In any case, if you have been faring sumptuously every day for a long time, just now, for instance, at the end of the season, it is not a bad plan to take up the Simple Life. A bowl of porridge at dawn in a cool farmhouse; then a cup of buttermilk by the river's brink; a freshly-caught trout for breakfast; just a cutlet, a young, well-larded guinea-fowl, and, perhaps, a rice pudding deluged with clotted cream, will do for lunch; the fruits of the earth after their kind in the garden during the afternoon; on no account more than five courses for dinner; and perhaps a few raw eggs beaten up in your nightcap: What more can mortal desire? What a holiday for overladen stomachs! What an airy buoyancy, what serene thoughts, what pleasant dreams are induced by such frugal fare! Come let us sing, "Hey for the Simple Life!" A long life and a simple one.

Hennessy please

CAN YOU DO WITH A GUINEA?

If so, what is your Number?

See page 173.

THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION AND ITS HOSTS.

THE DUKE'S "PRINCELY HOSPITALITY."

Members of the British Medical Association are accustomed to an annual meeting at which they read learned and other papers, and enjoy themselves in various ways, including the acceptance of hospitality from county magnates, civic functionaries, and others. This year the Association met at Sheffield, and included in the programme of festivities were various excursions to the Dukeries, among them a visit to Chatsworth. At Clumber they were entertained to luncheon by the Duke of Newcastle; at Welbeck Abbey the Duke of Portland extended bounteous hospitality, but at Chatsworth the reception was of the coldest. On the programme we read:—"Afternoon tea (kindly provided by the Duke of Devonshire) will be served in the grounds." Tea is a refreshing beverage, when taken in small quantities, and the representatives of the Duke of Devonshire not only provided tea but also bread and butter. But bread and butter and tea would hardly suggest the "princely hospitality" for which the conductor of the party, Dr. Wrench, of Baslow, asked the assembled medicos to thank the Duke. Enjoyed in beautiful grounds, on a bright summer day, and after walking exercise, it is not unwelcome; but a correspondent, one of the Duke's guests on the occasion in question, writes to us to complain that the tea and bread and butter were not served as promised "in the grounds," but in the coach-house. Our correspondent thought it right to protest, and he has sent us a copy of his letter to Dr. Wrench. In this letter he asks:—"Was it by the Duke's direction, or even with his cognisance, that his guests—this time the members of the British Medical Association—were relegated for their modest refreshment—not to any one of the hundreds of rooms in the great house, or to what I understood you to promise on his behalf "tea in the open air," but—like charity-school children or artisans—to the coach-house?" To this letter the following curious reply was sent by Dr. Wrench. He writes from 15, Routh Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.

"The vote to the Duke for his 'princely hospitality' I took to refer to the sight he gave us of the Liber Studiorum, worth £20,000, and not to the bread and butter, which could hardly be called that, if given in the house, in which there are not 'hundreds of rooms,' but not one except the statue gallery that could accommodate the 200 for whom tea was asked for from the Duke, and for which seats were provided, though only sixty guests took advantage of the trouble the librarian was put to, coming specially from London to shew the 'princely treasures.'"

If the tea and bread and butter were no better than Dr. Wrench's literary style, they must have been bad indeed.

WANTED TO DO HIMSELF "A BIT OF GOOD."

We are indebted to one of the officials of the Franco-British Exhibition for the following exquisite specimen of the value of our present system of elementary education:—

SIR,—I am appling for a situation, because, I was by a friend of mine that the exabition wanted boys so I am writing for a situation.

On leaving school I left in the seventh standard at Everington Street School, Fulham Cross.

I am 14 years of age, and have got the average amount of knowledge. I would like to get a situation here, because I think I would do myself a bit of good.

On leaving school I received a seven years character, and while being at school I got six medals for attending regular.

Yours truely
JAMAS PEARCE.

We congratulate the head-master of the Everington Street School, Fulham Cross, upon his pupil. And we should like to see how the boys in the lower standards write and spell!

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AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

I am glad to hear that there is a cheap edition of Mr. Winston Churchill's "**Savrola: a Tale of the Revolution in Lauranis.**" The only wonder is that we have not had a great many cheap editions of it during the last eight years. It is one of the most exciting stories I have ever read, far in advance of the somewhat similar efforts of Mr. Anthony Hope. The style, of course, is admirable; the characters are alive and dramatic; altogether it is one of those rare books for which meals and sleep and every other occupation must be sacrificed. I hope everybody will make a point of reading it, if only for the purpose of realising the versatility of Mr. Churchill's amazing genius. He hath done all things well.

To my surprise, I have come across several readable novels of late. "**The Ava Mining Syndicate,**" by Cecil Lowis (Greening: 6s.), is exceptionally good, and pourtrays the atmosphere of Burmah with sensational fidelity. The British officials, the desperadoes, even the natives are full of realism, and the excitement of the narrative is sustained throughout. "**Dominy's Dollars,**" by B. Paul Neuman (Murray: 6s.), relates the history of a Jew waif in New York who grew up to be a multi-millionaire. The contrasts in his character and the ingenuity of his financial operations are well described, though the pathos of his friendship with small children is often tedious and unnecessary. But the book, as a whole, is almost a work of art on a small scale. The most attractive and convincing figure in it is not the hero, but an English financier with the unusual name of Baskervil. Save for a few unfamiliar characteristics, I could almost vow that I had met him somewhere. Here is an amusing incident:—

> . . . Baskervil at bay, face to face with a roomful of angry shareholders. It was the case of a Mexican mining company, the shares of which had been performing the most startling acrobatic feats. The allegation bruited about was that an unfavourable report had been suppressed, and of the directors only Baskervil and one other—a figure-head chairman—appeared to face the music. The chairman, tall and military-looking, with florid face, white hair, tight frock coat, gold spectacles, and a stammer, made a pitiable exhibition of himself, and finally had to sit down amid a storm of shouts and catcalls. The meeting seemed to have passed out of its own control. Highly respectable, portly old gentlemen screamed like hysterical girls, and shook their plump fists in each others' faces.
>
> Then Baskervil rose. He began in a voice so low that not a single word of his opening sentences reached the door. Perhaps it was curiosity, or possibly his reputation as a speaker, but a hush fell upon the tumultuous gathering. Gradually the voice of the speaker made itself audible in every part of the room, though never rising, it seemed above the ordinary tone of conversation. Without a note, he reeled off long lists of figures, as though he were reading them from the printed page. As he dealt with them, they became intelligible, simple, eloquent even, of the view the speaker was putting before the meeting. Fascinated himself, Dominy watched the intrepid skater drawing close to the thin ice. In another moment he was past it. The report had been—not suppressed—but reserved, reserved; he repeated the word, and challenged the room with a gaze of incredible candour. It was all clear, frank, manly, without a touch of exaggeration or theatrical display. And when he ended with a prophecy that in a month's time the shares would be at a premium again, one would have thought from the enthusiastic applause that the happy consummation had already been reached.

Every admirer of the imitative people who lately gave the Russian Empire so much trouble should read "**The Japanese Spy,**" by Lancelot Lawton (Richards: 6s.). In quite a judicial spirit, without any appearance of prejudice, it reveals the small yellow folk in a very unpleasant light. They have, as we know, a sort of savage courage, and they occasionally display a blind fidelity to the imperial idea. But they are treacherous, bigoted, eaves-dropping, unprincipled wretches with violent prejudices against all Europeans, whom they never mention except as "red-headed barbarians." The book gives an extraordinarily circumstantial account of manners and customs in Japan, and the only fault I have to find with it is that it is much too long.

"**The Harvest Moon,**" by J. S. Fletcher (Nash: 6s.), is gracefully written and full of interest, but plays with a reader's curiosity in an illegitimate way. We are presented with an extraordinary mystery, and we go on reading greedily in the hope of finding a solution. But when at last we reach the end, it is only to find that the hero's explana-

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tion has been buried in a tomb and not even read by the heroine.

"**The Great Amulet,**" by Maud Diver (Blackwood: 6s.), is a long-winded story about India. I hoped it was going to be about magic, and was disgusted to find it was only about love.

"**A Prisoner in Holy Orders,**" by James Alexander (Routledge: 6s.), is supposed to be founded on fact. I have never known a less interesting biography. A large part of the book is actually devoted to the hero's impressions of the British Empire. The account of his arrest and conviction on a trumped-up charge of assault is more interesting, and serves to emphasise the danger of travelling in a railway carriage alone with a young lady. The details certainly sound very plausible, and might almost have occurred to the author, so deeply does he feel the injustice and cruelty of his hero's treatment. If one half of the facts are as stated it is high time for Mr. Gladstone to institute a thorough inquiry into the treatment of prisoners. The following passage affords food for reflection:—

> At this point let us consider who are the criminal classes for whom such abomination of desolation is designed by our English architects of woe. The answer to this question comes glibly enough, "The lower orders." Poor lower orders! Certainly gaols are largely tenanted by them; and why? Because the police keep a look-out chiefly upon the poor. But the true answer is to be found much nearer in a remark made by one of the Chaplains, "It is a mere matter of chance who is in gaol and who is not." Exactly so.

"**Kitty Tailleur,**" by May Sinclair (Constable: 6s.), is really very clever, both as a story and as a character-sketch. But it is annoying and confusing to read about a man named Lucy.

"**The Bloom of the Heather,**" by S. R. Crockett (Nash: 6s.), has occasional flashes of pawky humour and some vivid descriptions, but is, to my mind, disfigured by dialect. And I must confess I share the popular prejudice against so-called short stories. There are some rather pompous verses at the end of the book, and Mr. Crockett calls them a "proem." Is this a misprint for poem or pogrom?

"**The Singular Republic,**" by W. H. Koebel (Griffiths: 6s.), is about a country on the lines of the Empire of the Sahara, except that it is situated in South America. At first I thought it was going to be quite amusing, but the love-making and the details of the administration of the republic wearied me so much that I was unable to read more than half the book, and I am a very patient man.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS.—XXIII.

We have received the following letter from the Sister in Charge of the Epiphany Convalescent Home, St. Agnes, Scorrier R.S.O., who will be grateful if any of our readers can see their way to give employment to the young man to whom it refers, and who lost a hand in an accident.

> I have been advised to write to you about a young man (A. Eschle) who has lost his right hand, and to fully state the case to you. I have written so many letters trying to get him work, and am told you might very kindly help in the matter. A lady near here has promised to give him a small sum each week for four or six months, if he gets a small wage at first—if I can only find him a *good start*. I have found him handy with his left hand, and he has been useful to me. He addresses envelopes for me, and occasionally writes letters. He painted our front gate and porch and stained a floor well. He can sweep well and carefully. Perhaps a place as checker would suit him best. In his last place, where he stayed ten or eleven years, he checked goods in the morning, made mineral waters, and in the afternoon drove for Henwood & Co.
>
> A. Eschle would gladly take any work by which he could earn his living. He is a superior-looking young man, and is very steady and reliable. Henwood & Co. have written very kindly about the young man, but cannot take him back on account of this Workmen's Compensation Act. Another business man tells me that "this Act absolutely precludes any sane and thoughtful person giving him work of any kind, for insurance companies will *not* insure him at any reasonable premium, and that a workman cannot enter into a legal agreement to absolve his employer from all or any liability as regards compensation."
>
> I am trying to keep him on here till he finds work, but this will be impossible from want of funds, unless we can find some work before long. We have tried to do all we can for him. This home is kept up by voluntary contributions, and it is only by the kindness of my relations and friends that I have been enabled to keep him on.

The Workmen's Compensation Act is not an unmixed blessing to labouring folk.

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OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS, AND TELEGRAMS.

To Miss Mary Fowler, Pickworth, Stamford.

Please Teacher,—A little bird has flown all the way from Pickworth to London to whisper to me a strange story of a Sunday-school teacher, a lover, and a child. It says that a young man once loved a Sunday-school teacher in Pickworth, paid court to her, and then after awhile grew tired of her and went his ways. In the Sunday-school she sometimes used to tell how long years ago the greatest and the best Teacher the world has ever known went to Capernaum in Galilee and into the coasts of Judea beyond Jordan, rebuked his disciples because they spurned the little children, who crowded round Him, took up the children in his arms and blessed them, and said that whoso should offend one of these little ones who believed in Him it were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.

One of the scholars who had often heard the teacher relate these and other beautiful incidents of Christ's tender love for children, was a little child, eight years of age, the sister of him who had jilted the teacher. And it came to pass that there was to be a Sunday-school feast, and the heart of the little child was filled with gladness at the thought of it. But the Sunday-school teacher said unto her, "No, you cannot go to the feast. All the others can go to the feast, but you cannot go. You must stay at home." "But why may I not go too?" asked the little child. "Because," said the Sunday-school teacher, "you have been absent twice from Sunday-school." So the little child, her heart heavy with sorrow and her eyes wet with tears, was left behind.

I do not know whether you recognise any of the actors in this story, but it occurred to me that you may. It may be that the fact of the child being the sister of the young man who jilted her teacher had nothing to do with her rejection from the feast. Indeed, it seems almost incredible that one who every Sunday told children beautiful tales from the Wonderful Book would make the heart of a little one desolate and unhappy to spite her old lover. But living in the parish, you naturally hear more than I do; so perhaps you can tell me how the story strikes you.

John Bull.

To Miss Ellis, Guardians' Office, Brentford.

M'm'selle,—Permit me to recognise the fact that the other afternoon you were the only lady in England presiding over a Guardians' meeting. The Clerk has already presented you with a pair of white gloves, to commemorate the occasion, the size and quality being, may I hope, beyond criticism. In accepting the gift you stated you would treasure the gloves and never wear them, whereupon a facetious member of the Board exclaimed, "Not until your wedding-day."

I am without knowledge, M'm'selle, whether the dawn of that seraphic day is near or distant; but if you wear the gloves then, may they be a sign and symbol unto him who wins your heart that as you have ruled many men, so can you rule one. The reporter says you were addressed as "Mr. Chairman," and "conducted the business with only two breezes." But in marriage, M'm'selle, the grand art is to conduct business without any breezes at all. Certainly two breezes at one sitting would be a high average, and I heartily recommend you to spread them over a larger number. This you may do by supplying good food, well-cooked, and frequently changed, and by the soft answer that never yet broke a tooth. Give a husband indigestion and you lose a lover. John Bull.

To the Lancashire and Derby Cricket Elevens.

Gentlemen,—I address you so, although there are professional players amongst you, because I object to distinctions without differences. This is by the way, however. What I wish to know is, whether there was any just cause or impediment why the match between you should not have been finished? In three days you scored the by no means startling total of 519 runs, and at the end of the game Lancashire required 2 runs to win with one wicket to fall. The pitch was favourable to the bowlers, so that the chances were about equal. Another five minutes would probably have settled the matter, and the spectators who paid you the compliment of parting with money to see you play would have witnessed an exciting finish, instead of an unsportsmanlike and most unsatisfactory draw. You County Cricketers are supposed to set an example for all followers of the game, but a team of country bumpkins on the village green would have shown more sporting instinct. No wonder the public interest in cricket is declining! Why not think a little more of the game, and a little less about your averages and position in the Championship table? Drawn games like this are a disgrace to both teams. John Bull.

To the Right Rev. A. G. Edwards, D.D., The Palace, St. Asaph.

My Dear Bishop,—I notice that a fund has been opened in your diocese to purchase you a motor-car "for the purpose of rendering you independent of horses and carriages." I see that the subscriptions vary from £100 to 2s. 6d., and as I write it appears that about £600 has been contributed. Surely the subscribers could have found a better use for the money among the poor of the diocese than that of purchasing a motor-car for a prelate who has horses and carriages. I should have thought your lordship would have made it clear to them that you had as little need of a motor-car to render you independent of horses and carriages as you had of an aeroplane to render you independent of bicycles. But in a moment of absent-mindedness through pressure of work, you failed to do so, and the motor-car will soon be consecrated to the high purposes of your holy office. All that remains for me, therefore, is to advise your lordship to engage a careful chauffeur, and instruct him in the ethics of the speed limit, and the prevalence of the policeman with the stop-watch. Otherwise he may drive you to destruction.

John Bull.

To Archdeacon Wilberforce, 20, Dean's Yard, Westminster Abbey.

Dear Archdeacon,—I note with some interest that in your address to the members of "Our Dumb Friends' League" the other day you "ranked yourself entirely with men who, like Bishop Bullen, Charles Kingsley, and Dean Stanley, believed in the continuity of animal life after death." It was an American humourist, I think, who said he would rather go to heaven in the company of most dogs than of some men, for while most dogs licked your hands, some men did nothing except lick your boots. It may be that animals have souls, as human beings are said to have; and possibly it is as easy, or at all events not more difficult, to make out a good case in that behalf. Certainly animals *ought* to have souls. Some of them have a very hard time on earth, and they will probably be comforted to learn that for them, too, there are fairer realms than this.

Consider the claims of such useful animals as oxen, sheep, and pigs. They do not do us any harm. They may even be called inoffensive creatures. Yet we lead them to the slaughter, murder them in cold blood, carve them into beef, mutton, or pork, and eat them as joints, steaks, or chops. It is, of course, possible that some part of a pig's soul may get into a pork chop—which, by the way, may account for its indigestibility. But I venture the hope, as you hold the faith, that the spiritual essence of eatable animals are more elusive, and that long before they become cuts from the joint, or chops and steaks from the grill, their souls have entered a paradise of endless life.

I much regret, my dear Archdeacon, that you did not elaborate your opinions on the theological aspects of the edible vertebrates. For instance, how does a lamb consumed with mint sauce stand in the light of the theology of a Resurrection? I would much like to feel that the portion of sirloin to which I am about to resort has been consoled for its tragic fate. John Bull.

Miss Clementine Hozier.

Warmest congratulations on your engagement. He is the best of fellows, and I hope you will both be very happy.

Bull.

Winston Churchill.

Lucky dog! Marriage was the only thing in which your colleagues were scoring over you—and now you've beaten the lot. Bull.

Haldane, War Office.

Heard the news about Winston? When are you going to take the leap? Remember England expects every man to do his duty. Bull.

OUR SILLY SEASON HAS COMMENCED!

OUR SILLY SEASON HAS COMMENCED!

One of the "Swallows" that go to make "John Bull's" Summer.

IN THE CITY.

ARNOLD AND BUTLER'S PRESS CONFEDERATES.

We are glad to observe that as the result of our exposure of the swindlers, "Arnold and Butler," the more reputable papers are now declining to insert their advertisements. There are still a certain number, however, who accept them—justifying their action by the fact that the orders come to them through a respectable firm of London advertising agents. We are now in communication with the proprietors and agents in question, and hope it will not become necessary for us to publish their names in a List of Press Confederates.

THE RAILWAY AMALGAMATION.

The official announcement that the London and North-Western and Midland Railway Companies "have arrived at an arrangement of a comprehensive character, to endure for a long period of years, which will, it is hoped, be the means of enabling considerable economies in working expenses to be effected, while at the same time the public will attain the advantage of increased facilities for passenger and merchandise traffic," has attracted less attention than its importance warrants, and the public interest requires. It will be noted that the official announcement does not say that a working arrangement is in contemplation, that shareholders will be invited to discuss and approve it, or that the sanction of Parliament is to be obtained for it. The announcement is much more autocratic. The arrangement has been made, the proprietors of the two Companies concerned have nothing to do but to endorse it, and as for Parliament, apparently the directors consider it is no business of the Legislature. It seems to us that shareholders have the right to resent this sort of thing, and that Parliament should see to it that the rights of the public are not imperilled.

There is no doubt that there has been reckless competition amongst the railways of this country. Anyone who takes the trouble to look into the matter can see for himself that trains are run half empty, and that many expresses go to places which would be amply served by a much smaller service. It may well be that working arrangements between the great railway companies would in the end be of advantage to shareholders by reducing needless expenditure, but what about the public?

It looks very much as if before long there will be general agreement amongst the great companies of the kingdom, and that competition between them will be practically killed. Apart from the arrangement just arrived at between the London and North-Western and the Midland Companies, the Great Northern, the Great Central, and the Great Eastern are appealing to Parliament to sanction a joint working agreement. The Lancashire and Yorkshire have already an agreement with the North-Western, and it is said that the Great Western is inclined to the combination. We cannot forget that the American railways passed by a swift transition from a period of reckless competition to one of Trusts, and what has happened in America may quite possibly happen here if Parliament remains apathetic.

The official announcement we have quoted promises "increased facilities for passenger and merchandise traffic." The same thing was promised when the South-Eastern and the Chatham Companies determined to put an end to the insane competition fostered by the late Sir Edward Watkin, and come to a working agreement, but we have yet to learn that the public has received any portion of the promised benefit, or is likely to do so.

We are not saying that working agreements between the great railway companies of the kingdom are not desirable, quite possibly they are, but what we do say is that it ought not to be possible to make them without the sanction of Parliament, given after full inquiry into the whole matter.

UNCLAIMED BALANCES.

In its current issue *The Statist* publishes a communication from an "Esteemed correspondent" upon Mr. Bottomley's Dormant Bank Balances and Securities Bill. Our contemporary, says the writer has "wide experience," and that "his statement and opinions should be very carefully considered." The conclusion at which he arrives is that the Bill is opposed to public policy, and he gives his reasons, which seem to be very unconvincing.

The points to which he takes main exception are two: (1) The time limit; (2) The principle implied by the Bill of State interference. The time limit he thinks "quite inadequate," and for this surprising reason:—

> In every bank there are a large number of accounts on which no operations by the customer have taken place for periods much longer than six years, but which to the knowledge of the bank are "live accounts," the balances of which are there to be claimed sooner or later.

Is that so? We should have thought that a current account that had not been drawn upon for "much longer than six years" was about as dead as an account could be. But wouldn't the State be just as good a custodian?

Then with regard to safe custody, the writer thinks the time limit ought to be at least thirty years, and he supports his contention in a peculiar way:—

> In cases where a safe custody article has lain undisturbed for thirty years or more it might be possible to regard it as unclaimed, but the writer's experience is that in almost all such cases the parcel when opened is found to contain papers which by effluxion of time have ceased to have value.

In other words, it is unusual for a safe custody article of value to remain unclaimed for thirty years, unless death has transferred it from the person who deposited it to another—who is ignorant of its existence.

The writer goes on to argue that the banks do all they can to make unconscious owners aware of the balances belonging to them, and he illustrates their readiness to do this by drawing upon his own experience:—

> One bank known to the writer has not waited for customers or their heirs to make application, but has itself taken special steps to trace parties entitled to dormant balances.

"One bank." The writer, specially cognisant with banking affairs, has knowledge of only one bank that bestirs itself to make known to heirs the existence of balances of which they were ignorant! Surely, after this it is an audacious conclusion of the writer that "the banks have not failed in their duty to their customers." He does not deny that if they have failed a case would be made out for Mr. Bottomley's Bill.

THE BRITISH UNITED ASSURANCE CORPORATION, LTD.

Our readers will remember that we have warned th m more than once against having any transactions with this company, and the justice of and need for that warning are shown in an unmistakable way by certain proceedings which have just taken place in the Manchester County Court. We cannot do better than quote from the very full report that appears in the *Manchester Evening Chronicle* of August 11th last. The claim against the company was made by a cabinet-maker named Baker, and the facts are stated by his solicitor, Mr. T. W. Harris. Mr. Harris told the Court that the British United Assurance Corporation Ltd., through one of its agents, induced Mr. Baker to effect a fire policy for £500 on his workshop and premises in December, 1906. What came of it shall be told in Mr. Harris's own words.

> At the end of September, 1907, a small fire occurred on his premises, doing damage to the extent of £4 10s. He made a claim in the usual way, and entered into a dilatory correspondence with both the head office and that in Manchester.
>
> Mr. Harris then wrote in February of the present year, saying that if the money were not immediately paid, County Court proceedings would be taken. On May 11, there being no one present to represent the company, Mr. Baker obtained judgment with costs by default. The order was sent out in the ordinary way. This miserable little claim of £4 10s. was still left unpaid by this London insurance company, and eventually, in July, execution was issued upon the furniture of the office in Mosley Street. Then a claim was put in by a solicitor in this city. He did not state the address or the descripton of the claimant The only address given was the solicitor's own office, but the claimant was named as William John Bull.
>
> His Honour: John Bull! It is an extraordinary name to have to do with a fraudulent company. (Laughter.)
>
> Mr. Harris: I think the "William" saves the situation. (Renewed laughter.) Mr. Harris went on to explain that the name of the manager and secretary of the insurance company was W. J. Bull. He made a claim that the furniture in the office in Mosley Street was his property, and that he was the tenant. They never filed any particulars, however; he supposed, with a view to avoiding the necessity of giving the address of the claimant.

We are happy on this occasion to concur in Judge Parry's comments.

AMERICAN PURCHASES OF ENGLISH GOODS.

There has been a great commotion amongst our "kinsmen," as they are called in the United States, owing to the purchase of 1,500,000 yards of Leemann and Gatty's khaki by the military authorities in Manila. Reasons for preferring the English make were given by the Officer commanding the troops in the Philippines. This officer, Major-General Wood, found the English khaki "better suited to the tropics, more loosely woven, and cheaper." It costs about 9½d. a

yard in Manila, and the American cloth costs about 1s.; but 20 per cent. or so in the price, and a probable deficiency in the durability of the dye, were not considered sufficient reasons for giving the order to Lancashire. There was a great outcry, supported by a certain class of American journals, which thought fit to suggest "graft" as the real cause of purchasing outside the United States, and Mr. Taft—with an eye to the coming elections—on the eve of his retirement from office, cabled orders to suspend the award of the contract. However, the message arrived too late to be effective, but the order to buy Manchester khaki has been rescinded "as to future purchases," so that no further orders, anyway at present, are likely to come to Manchester from the Philippines. Two years ago America imposed 100 per cent. surtax on the cotton "splits" supplied by Manchester to the Philippine Islanders, which afforded a pretty good hint of what further to expect in the same market.

C.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

We notice that the management of Liptons, Ltd., have finally decided to open tea rooms in the principal thoroughfares, and a commencement will be made next month. The Company hope between then and Christmas to have at least twenty shops running. We congratulate shareholders upon this new departure which, under the present vigorous management of the Company, should mean a considerable addition to profits. It may be said that the supply of tea shops is already quite equal to the demand. No doubt there are a great many shops of this kind, but we think it very probable that Lipton's will find—always assuming that the management is up to date and meets the public requirements—that there is plenty of room for a new venture of the sort. But if the new branch is to succeed, its managers must recognise, as no doubt they will, that to be a success it must give the public very full value for its money—and bring it home to them that such value is given.

"TWO INSURANCE SOCIETIES."

In our issue of August 1st, in an article on "Two Insurance Societies" on page 110, we referred to one Arthur Frederick Mountain, trading as F. & L. Marx & Co., at 9, Lower James Street, Golden Square, W.C., as having entered into a deed of arrangement in 1907. We have since received a letter from Mr. L. P. Marx, of Marx & Co., of 1, Golden Square, Regent Street, in which, referring to this paragraph, he says it is likely to injuriously affect his business and credit by reason of his firm being confounded with that of F. & L. Marx & Co., with whom he has no connection whatever. Mr. Marx asks us to take notice of his repudiation, which we have pleasure in doing.

WALDORF HOTEL.

We understand that this Company is fully justifying our predictions. During the six months since its opening, it has taken over £70,000, and we understand that the first report will be issued shortly, and that the interest on the 6 per cent. preference stock is also about to be paid. The new hotel has certainly caught on, and occupies an envious position in comparison with some similar undertakings in other parts of London.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

THE INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION.—A. Y. (Chiswick).—It is impossible now to answer your questions. The Official Receiver is in possession of the assets of the corporation, and at present has only a hazy idea of the position. A meeting is called for the 20th, when he expects to be in a position to make a statement as to assets and liabilities. With respect to your Waldorf shares, for which you have received no certificate, the Official Receiver cannot at present say whether the certificate is with him or not. If it is, most probably it will be handed to you in due course; if it is not, presumably you will come in as an ordinary creditor. Your Premium Bonds are not affected by the liquidation. You have the certificates, and you can sell them for the market price, but in selling you must reckon with a considerable loss as between the price you paid and the price you can get, which, for the three bonds, is, as we write, about £14.

CARLTON HOTEL ORDINARY.—H. W. (Sheffield).—We do not think you could go far wrong in buying these shares at their present price. Competition in the hotel business is exceptionally keen in London, and hotel companies generally did not do very well last year, but, if they do not do well this year, they never will, and we think there will probably be some appreciation in the price of the shares of the Carlton Hotel before the year is out.

HEARTS OF OAK ASSURANCE COMPANY.—J. A. (Acton).—The company is sound and well managed.

FOUR FOREIGN BONDS.—D. P. C. (Deal).—All four of the bonds you name represent sound securities.

LAW INTEGRITY INSURANCE COMPANY.—J. B. (Birkenhead).—We have no information respecting it.

MINING SHARES.—J. G. (Limerick).—All those you name are very speculative.

PANAMA BONDS.—G. H. (Wandsworth).—We do not recommend the purchase of these Continental bonds.

THE SAVINGS INVESTMENT AND BANKING CORPORATION.—A. M. S. (Accrington).—We have no information as to this concern. C. W. (Bootle).—(1) We are inclined to think so. (2) We do not think you will get more than the 40 per cent. if you offer the bond for sale. (3) You cannot compel the company to give you the statement of accounts you require.

AMERICAN EXPLORATION COMPANY.—ANXIOUS INVESTOR (Liverpool).—You would be very foolish to buy any of the "First Mortgage 6 per Cent. Debentures of £20 each in the American Exploration Company," notwithstanding the confidence expressed by the "War Office Times and Naval Review" in the completeness of the security upon which they rest. Throw any further "literature" you may receive from the company or its agents into the waste-paper basket.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—SAFETY (St. Augustine's Road).—Do not put the money into the so-called "bank." It would be quite safe with a good building society.

THE FIRST DUTCH INSURANCE COMPANY.—H. B. (Woodford).—It is a curious venture, and we think you had better keep out of it.

THE STRAITS SETTLEMENT (BERTRAM) RUBBER COMPANY.—C. M. (Junior Carlton Club).—We have your letter, and are largely in agreement with it, but the meeting was held some little time ago, and at the moment we do not see much practical advantage in returning to it.

MAJESTIC INSURANCE COMPANY.—N. H. (Pontypridd).—We should prefer another selection. We are obliged to you for your kindly references to JOHN BULL.

NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE SICK AND ACCIDENT SOCIETY.—C. T. B. (Doncaster).—The answer is in the negative.

THE GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL SECURITIES CORPORATION.—T. L. B. (Bexhill).—The document you send us is of no value. It is returned to you under cover.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—S. F. E. (Middleburg).—(1) The firm in question will, we think, treat you fairly. (2) We cannot recommend the purchase of Peruvian Bonds.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SECURITIES COMPANY.—G. H. C. (Gillingham).—Have nothing to do with them. If you want shares in the Waldorf Hotel, you can get them at less than 25s. each.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES.—F. G. R. (Middlesbrough).—We do not advise you to accept Mr. Mill's offer. Send us the prospectus to which you refer.

PREMIUM INDUSTRIAL BANK.—NAB (Sunderland).—We have looked over the prospectus of this concern which you send us, and, although we do not discover the remarkable advantages promised to those who deal with it, on the face of it we see nothing that need prevent your accepting an agency. We do not understand why it is necessary to have five "patrons" to a concern of this kind, but we presume that the gentlemen who are named as patrons have satisfied themselves that the "bank" will be carried on on respectable lines.

NORTH-EAST LINCOLNSHIRE WATER COMPANY.—AQUA (Eastbourne).—The answer is in the negative.

BRITISH TEA TABLE COMPANY.—J. P. P.—You have omitted to send us your full name and address. If you write us again you must do so, or we can take no notice of your letter. As to whether you should sell your preference shares, yes, certainly, if you can get a purchaser.

CONTINENTAL BONDS.—W. T. (Putney).—The results are given in the "Belgian Bi-Monthly Moniteur."

MINT CORPORATION.—B. H. (Southport).—No complaints have reached us, but you must use your own judgment.

HUMBERS.—O. J. (Richmond).—Yes, we think them worth buying at the price you name.

STATUS OF TRADING COMPANY.—GAS (Nuneaton).—Neither is strong.

HOUSE PURCHASE COMPANIES.—I. M. (East Dulwich).—We note that you do not agree with us as to Judge Parry's comments in the case of Poynton re the Provincial Homes Investment Company. You denounce these house purchase companies, and you illustrate their evil doings by the case of a person who took out a £200 certificate with the Provident Association of London. You say that the agent who induced her to take it out told her that in five years she could "either draw £200 for the purchase of a house, and repay it with interest, or have returned to her all monies paid by her to the association." The person paid the monthly subscription for two years, and then, misfortune having overtaken her, she applied to the company to return the monies she had paid. They referred her to the conditions printed upon the certificate. She then found, to her surprise, that the association did not bind itself to pay anything until the member had paid in for five years, and then the surrender value would be 33 per cent. You, too, for the first time looked at the conditions, and, to your surprise, found them to be as stated. You thereupon denounce the association as a gang of thieves, but what justification is there for charging it with dishonest or improper conduct? We have never disguised our belief that it is unwise on the part of anyone to take out a bond which has to run for thirty years, or even twenty years, or ten. The chances and changes of life, especially amongst the poor, are too many to make it prudent to draw so heavily upon the future, but that is another matter. If people will take out these bonds, and will take them out without going to the trouble of reading the conditions, which are plainly and prominently stated on the bond itself, they cannot blame the association if, later on, they find that the statements of the agent are not in accordance with the conditions of the office. Do what they will, insurance and other companies cannot prevent canvassers lying. What those solicited can and should do, and must do, if they are prudent people, is to study for themselves the conditions under which they are invited to join an association before becoming members of it.

THE PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—J. S. L. (Oldham).—We have gone into this complaint, and we cannot do better than give you the reply of the secretary of the company upon the whole matter. It seems to us to dispose of your complaint:—The history of the matter, briefly put, is as follows: Mr. W—— took out a certificate for £500 in November, 1898. He asked for a loan in October, 1903, viz., for £335 and legal charges; £340 was granted, this being secured by first mortgage of £200, the company finding the difference and guaranteeing the first mortgage. This loan only necessitated Mr. W—— using £350 of his certificate. Consequently the certificate was divided into two parts, he keeping in force £150 of it. This he did until the 2nd of October, 1906, when he applied to the company for relief, and so that he need not forfeit the subscriptions, as a matter of grace, a paid-up certificate was granted to him, guaranteeing the return of the subscriptions paid in payment of the £150 certificate either at the end of the term for which the certificate was issued, or earlier, to his legal representative, in the event of his death. It might be explained that Mr. W—— was 64 years of age at the time he asked for the loan, so that at the time the company granted the paid-up certificate he would be 67, and, in the natural order of things, these monies would fall to be paid at a very early date; so that, at the best, the company will make but very little out of them. As regards the loan part of the transaction, Mr. L—— wrote the company stating that Mr. W—— was making arrangements for the benefit of his creditors. He asked for an explanation of the matter, and on May 4th the company explained that the subscriptions could not be taken into account at that time. This matter was in hand until December last year, and the company would only have been too glad for Mr. L—— to have sold the property and relieved it of the responsibility of doing so. The company tried for a time to sell it privately, but failed to do so. The company then had to expose it by public auction, and got £300 only for it. The company send us a statement of the final account, which shows that out of the subscriptions of £45 13s. 6d. they have actually had to credit £35 13s. 6d., so that all it has had for working this account and to pay all expenses attached to it is the use of this money for a few years and £10.

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

"Speak! Speak!"
(With apologies to Sir John Millais.)

Delightful as is a lovely woman, there is a quality that ranks almost as high as beauty, and that is the art of good conversation. The woman who charms the ear is as much an adornment as the one who charms the eye, and the latter type often goes to the wall while her plainer sister holds the attention of the company. It is a fact that one of our premier artists was so enchanted with the appearance of a lovely woman who has been so voted by the unanimous decision of an enthusiastic London public, that he desired to paint her portrait, and consequently a luncheon party was arranged to effect a meeting. But so utterly boring did the lady prove herself, so entirely devoid of conversation and interest, that by the end of the meal, the painter's admiration had vanished. And it is not a paradox to say that the good talker is also a good listener. She pays attention when one is speaking to her, and does not let her mind wander in a thousand different directions, which habit is, as Lord Chesterfield says, "the essence of ill-breeding." The good conversationalist also chooses her words correctly, and does not indulge in high-flown expressions when a plain Anglo-Saxon phrase will do as well. The desire to say something brilliant often lands one in a quagmire, and is, moreover, not always appropriate. For instance, an old lady who lived in the country paid a visit to some town friends and was asked to be careful and extinguish the candle on going to bed. "What do you mean by extinguish?" she inquired. "Put it out," was the answer. Shortly after her return to the country one of the pigs walked into the kitchen. "Extinguish it," she said to the bewildered servant girl.

Greece B.C. 469 and London A.D. 1908.

"To sensationate" is really the representative verb of the day. An entertainment which was given the other evening by one of London's smartest hostesses took the form of a Grecian dinner. All the ladies were garbed in clinging Grecian gowns, the real thing, not the Anglicised reproduction. Their hair was dressed with gold bands and puffed-out curls. They sat on divans, among silken cushions, to partake of the feast, which was laid out on a long, low table, and was Epicurean, in every sense of the word. The gentlemen appeared in a well-conducted twentieth century manner. It is to be hoped so at least.

Parasols.

Filet lace is the very newest thing for making or trimming summer blouses and frocks. It also forms the trimming of all smart parasols, and makes quite a new style in this direction. Models are being made in pongee silk and trimmed with motifs and bands of coarse filet with darned designs scattered over them. The filet lace matches the body of the parasol. In some cases the darned designs are executed in heavy silk floss, or in gold and silver thread. With tailor-made costumes the Frenchwoman carries a smart en-tout-cas of dark blue or dark green glacé silk with gilt frames and smart handles.

Bright Eyes.

A woman need not be beautiful to look attractive, but it is a *sine qua non* that she should have bright eyes. They need not be large. There is no proviso in that song "Take a pair of sparkling eyes" that the said eyes should be big, and some of the most fascinating women one meets have quite small eyes, though they are always sparkling. Queen Elizabeth's orbs have always been described as her best feature. A French courtier, in paying her a compliment, designated them as *marcassin*, which meant small and shiny. It is quite easy to have bright eyes if one will but keep them in a healthy condition, and neither strain nor tire them. Spectacles, which have never yet been thought becoming, are in many cases only the outcome of neglect, and might easily have been avoided. One should never read in a train or carriage, lying down, or when one is tired. A good way of relieving one's eyes if they are inflamed is to bathe them in cold tea. The summer, moreover, is a very trying time, as one often comes out of a bright glare into a darkened room quite unable to distinguish any object, and feeling as if one's eyes are red-hot coals. This is naturally bad for them. Resort to the cold tea or warm milk as soon as possible, or else apply a few drops of boracic water by means of a medicine dropper.

Riding Notes.

In spite of some enterprising and optimistic souls among us, riding astride for women is at present only confined to schoolgirls and to the woman who prides herself on being masculine. As yet it is not fashionable in the Row or hunting-field. It is a moot question whether riding astride is healthy or not for women, but I think the census of opinion is still in favour of its not being becoming. The latest attraction for the horsewoman is a small gun-metal watch attached to the wrist by a narrow leather strap. It is very useful, for though it may be smart to be unpunctual, one cannot always with impunity ignore the common enemy. Dark sage-green is the fashionable colour for a habit this year, and bright-coloured stocks are being worn a good deal.

SOUND FINANCIAL METHODS.

THE TRIUMPH OVER PREJUDICES. VICTORY OF REFORM.

There are few studies that afford greater pleasure or give greater satisfaction to the studiously inclined nature than a careful examination of the rise and fall of ancient nations, or the gradual decay of old traditions and the absorption or extinction of old institutions. The student, if he so desires, can trace how from these past great traditions a new code of ideas has gradually evolved, while from the structures of old historic houses new enterprises more fitted to deal with the altered conditions of time have been brought into being.

THE BATTLE WITH PREJUDICE.

All great reforms that have tended to shake settled beliefs or to upset established methods have had to contend with both prejudice and violent opposition. It has been so in religion, in politics, in banking, in finance, and so it has been in the establishment of the London and Paris Exchange, Limited, an institution founded to give greater and more extended facilities for financial transactions and dealing in and obtaining advances on Stock Exchange securities. The directors wish to congratulate their supporters that, notwithstanding all this opposition, they have succeeded in establishing their enterprise, and they are convinced, from the progressive advancement of their business, that they occupy to-day a high position in public favour. The sound and liberal principles on which the business is conducted justify the belief that future years will witness a continuance of steady and healthy expansion, and bring increased prosperity.

MODERN INVESTMENT.

To-day investment is on very different lines from what it was twenty, or even ten, years ago. The sphere of investment has been considerably broadened, and methods have become greatly diversified.

PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

What the investor must do is to make it his business to obtain all necessary information from trustworthy sources. See that your money gives you a fair return, and that it is not locked up in unmarketable securities, where there is practically no chance of appreciation in capital value, and when you wish to realise there is no market to sell on. But, naturally, the investor asks, "How am I to obtain this knowledge? How am I to avoid being drawn into schemes which will mean loss of money to me? How am I to clearly understand the intricacies of money matters and Stock Exchange investments?"

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THE HURLY BURLY.

By THEODORE DAHLE.

ON THE FELICITY OF CIVIL SERVICE PENSIONS.

It has dawned on me at last. I have missed my way. I should have been in the Civil Service. Some people may think that it is not invariably as civil as it might be, but it would have been civil enough for me, and for the moment it is wholly of myself that I am thinking. Let me put the case. I have been serving my country ever since I was born, I am still young, able-bodied, quite unwilling to work, and in need of money, and yet the State has not once thought of asking me whether I would kindly accept a pension. But I gather from a Blue Book just issued, and now before me, that if I had entered the Civil Service as a diplomat, an inferior Cabinet Minister, a medical officer of a criminal lunatic asylum, a gaol governor, a clerk, or even as a shoemaker, cook, doorkeeper, watchman, boatman, dustman, or charwoman, I might now be cultivating my own garden on a retiring allowance.

I should not have been too hard on the Exchequer. Like Lord Cross, Lord George Hamilton, Mr. Chaplin, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and Mr. Gerald Balfour, who are each drawing from £2,000 to £1,200 per annum, I would have tried as hard as possible to do next to nothing to qualify for my quarterly allowance. It may seem somewhat surprising to you that the State is not rich enough to give pensions of five shillings a week to poor people unless they live long enough to tell a satisfactory story of their past life at 70. But you must remember that at present there are a great many demands on the Exchequer. So many people who have been in receipt of big salaries and are still too young to do as little for the State as they used to do are drawing pensions, that the balance left for us who are not in the Civil Service is so small that the Chancellor of the Exchequer may have to ask posterity to lend him some more money.

If you please, we will look into their purport on earth a little more closely. Adding up the number of Civil Service performers in the Pension Department, I find they number exactly 4,108, and between them they take £614,616 every year of their lives. Of these, 1,665 have been connected with prisons, 521 drew more or less handsome salaries in the tearful land of Erin, 136 wiled away the time at the Board of Education, 144 told stories abroad for the good of their country, 138 have been judges and so forth, 224 were addicted to the regular salary list in the public offices of Scotland, 67 enjoyed their vacations at the Local Government Board, 44 did ditto at the Foreign Office, and 48 ditto at the Home Office. And, let me add, at the time of writing they are all well.

Pray do not take from me a false impression. On behalf of the more eminent of the ex-Civil Service officials, the charwomen, the cooks, the dustmen, and such, I have no reason to think otherwise than that they earned their pensions by the sweat of their brow. There is what the lawyers would call *prima facie* evidence that the ex-shoemaker of a lunatic asylum who is drawing £59 odd a year, and the ex-assistant-cook who receives £51 a year, and the ex-coal porter who takes £50 a year, and the ex-gate-keeper who revels in £80 a year, have performed in their day and generation distinguished services on behalf of the land they love so well. But, as I said before, here am I, and there are you, and—but don't let us be down-hearted.

There is one gentleman, Sir George Fardell, M.P., who has condescended to take from the State £24,000 in 36 years. When the office of Registrar of the old Court of Bankruptcy was abolished in 1872, Sir George chanced to be the gentleman drawing the salary of £1,000 a year. He was then 38, and as good as ever; but it became his painful duty to retire and take a pension of £666 odd, which he has been drawing for thirty-six years, greatly beloved by all who know him. When Sir George goes to church on Sundays, and the choir start singing "Oh Paradise! Oh Paradise! What joys await me there," I do not know whether he mingles his voice with theirs as treble, alto, tenor, baritone, or bass, but if I were he you would not catch me doing it. The £666 a year is a less speculative joy.

In these days we are all too old at 40, especially if we happen to look it; but apparently there were days in the Civil Service when men were too old at 32. For instance, a clerk in the department of the Board of Agriculture retired at that age, probably on account of ill-health, and has been drawing his pension with unfailing regularity ever since. I take leave to send him greeting, and trust he will never die. A senior assistant in the British Museum, where they keep the national curiosities, got too old at 43, and has been retiring on his pension since 1872. May he be immortal also. It is a curious fact, but I believe it is supported by actuarial data, that the sooner we get a pension, or an annuity, the longer we are likely to live. Pensions and annuities at 40 or thereabouts would, I am persuaded, be followed by a heavy fall in the death-rate. For instance, I find in this Blue Book an instance of an Irish schoolmistress who retired in 1868 on the score of ill-health, and immediately started drawing a pension. Likewise she got married. For all I know to the contrary she is a widow now, but she is still drawing her pension as life-like as on the day she laid down her whacking cane. Probably when you and I, at 70, go and draw the first quarterly instalments of our well-earned pensions, she will still be living. Meanwhile I trust she will graciously permit me to raise my hat.

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People will sometimes try an ordinary battery (made, no doubt, for commercial purposes), or a shocking current which irritates the nerves, and conclude that electricity is not suitable. It will not do any good in that form. The current must be given without shock—without irritation of any kind—and in this way the very weakest individuals can be built up.

No person is too weak to use electricity. In such cases a longer building-up process is required. But the results are just as certain as water is to extinguish a fire when applied in sufficient quantities. If a proper battery is used it is possible to apply a very strong current, free from all inconveniences.

Rheumatic sufferers, those crippled with Lumbago, Sciatica, or Gout, the victim of weakened stomach, kidneys, liver, bowels, or bladder; the person with the shattered nervous system and suffering from Paralysis, Epilepsy, Neurasthenia, Insomnia, Neuralgia, or Heart Trouble, should seek a restoration of health in the electric cure. Don't say, "It might not do me any good." It will do you good if you resort to the right means. It will cure you.

There is a book for free distribution among all readers of "John Bull," which covers this subject fully. You should not be without it if you are not in possession of perfect health. It tells the cause of weakness and disease, and how a cure can be gained. It describes the most successful remedy known, the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery. The history of many cases is sent with the book. It costs you nothing to get it.

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AGENTS REQUIRED ON SALARY AND COMMISSION.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

HOIGHTY TOITY!

In the County Courts Act, 1888, Section 41, there will be found the following:—

"No Registrar, Treasurer, High Bailiff, or other officer of any Court shall, either by himself or his partner, be directly or indirectly engaged as solicitor or agent for any period in any proceeding in the said Court; and every Registrar, Treasurer, High Bailiff, or other officer of any Court who shall be by himself, or his partner, or in any way, directly or indirectly, concerned as solicitor or agent for any period in any proceeding in the said Court, shall for every such offence forfeit and pay the sum of £50 to any person who shall sue for the sum by action of debt."

The wisdom of this prohibition is apparent; but, wise or not, it is the law of the land.

We take from the *West Somerset Free Press* the following report of proceedings at the County Court, presided over by Mr. C. Beresford, of Weare Gifford Hall, Bideford, Devon:—

Robert Hunt v. F. C. Fry.—The plaintiff, late a grocer, of Minehead, and now living in Summerland Avenue, Minehead, sued defendant, a painter, also of Summerland Avenue, for £9 14s. 8d. for goods supplied. The account went back to January, 1904, but a sum had been paid on account and a contra account deducted.

His Honour asked defendant whether he admitted any of the claim.

Defendant said he admitted what was on his books.

His Honour: Then the case is referred to the Registrar.

The Registrar intimated that an objection had been made to him as arbitrator in a previous case in which Mr. Hunt was the plaintiff, on the ground that he was Mr. Hunt's solicitor.

His Honour said that if his Registrar happened to be employed on one side or the other it was nothing to him. They only dealt with honourable people at that Court, and if anyone objected he would send him to gaol.

The Registrar referred to in this report is Mr. John Richard Davis, of the firm of Messrs. Joyce, Davis and Risden, Solicitors, of Williton and Minehead. Mr. Davis was appointed as far back as 1881. The Court has had the advantage of Mr. Beresford's services since 1891, so that neither Judge nor Registrar can plead lack of experience in justification of their contempt of the law of the land—flagrant in the case of the County Court Judge, and not excusable in the Registrar, who is old enough to know that a County Court Judge has no more right to ignore a statutory injunction than a crossing-road sweeper. We understand that in all the County Courts presided over by Judge Beresford in Somersetshire, the Registrars are allowed to practice before him in litigious matters. In well-ordered Courts (such as, for example, the County Court of Gloucestershire, presided over by Judge Austin), it is made a condition of appointment that the various Registrars shall not practice before the Judge in any of the Courts in his circuit. But if Judge Beresford waives this condition, and allows Registrars to practise, these gentlemen are not, perhaps, to be blamed for taking advantage of the permission whilst the law of the land allows them to do so. But it would be inconceivable—if the evidence left a loophole for doubt—that in any County Court in the land a County Court Judge could refer, against the protest of a party to the suit, a case of debt to the arbitration of a Registrar who was acting as solicitor to the plaintiff in the case, and if that could be imagined it would be still more difficult to believe that any individual who had persuaded a Lord Chancellor that he was a fit and proper person to occupy the position of a County Court Judge, should threaten the party to the suit who protested with committal to gaol. It is most lamentable that the people of wide districts should be subject to the rulings of a person like the County Court Judge who presides over these Somersetshire Courts.

SOME LEGAL QUERIES.

Excise.—Anxious (London).—Yes, you have offended against the law, and we advise you not to supply any more beer in the way you have been doing. Let the lodger order his own beer, or let him pay in advance for so many pints as part of the barrel you order, and the beer will then be his, although it will be in your cask and mixed with yours. When you supply him you will be giving him what is his own.

Hotel Loss.—Vectis (Newcastle).—We do not think that you would be successful in any claim you made for the loss of jewellery. The Innkeepers' Act, as recently interpreted by the House of Lords in the case of a commercial traveller who deposited jewellery in a bag, would protect the hotel.

Wife's Debts.—Doughboy (Manchester).—Your furniture would not be liable to be seized for debts contracted in a business separately carried on by your wife, provided that it was clear that you did not participate in the business in any way. The incomes of husband and wife must be assessed together.

Crops.—Justice (Kirriemuir).—You cannot evade the Act and still take advantage of it, and as you have accepted a tenancy which enables the landlord to give you six months' notice to quit, you will not be entitled to compensation for your crops, as the Act contemplates that you should have a year's notice.

Dogs.—Tortured (York).—The barking can be dealt with by the Corporation by means of byelaws which they can make under s. 3 of the Municipal Corporations Act, 1882. If such byelaws exist in your city you should summon the owner of the dog. If they do not, you should apply to the Corporation to make some on the lines of those in force in the County of London, where dog-barking is made punishable if it is allowed to the annoyance of inhabitants.

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The High-Class Illustrated Sixpenny Weekly.
AUGUST 22, 1908.
ALL ROWING MEN NOW READ
"THE THRONE AND COUNTRY."
COLOURED CARTOON:
AMATEUR CHAMPION SCULLER OF THE WORLD
(H. T. BLACKSTAFFE),
OFFICES—
161A, STRAND, W.C.

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED AND CONFOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That the Territorials can't be beaten.
That the White City is a White Elephant.
That we are threatened with a German "Entente."
That Archdeacon Colley is a sly old dog.
That more railway combinations are on the line.
That the reported lower wages will make hop-pickers hop.
That Mr. Wilbur Wright is changing his name to Mr. Won'tby Wrong.
That they call them "rowed hogs" now.
That "Pierrot" is pronounced "Pier-rot."
That the Revised Version is "Lipton in the Lyons' Den."
That the *Westminster Gazette* was sold as a "going" concern.
That sportsmen are "grousing" about the moors.

The Frenchman who became seasick while trying to swim the Channel, no doubt had that "sinking sensation."

Mr. Lloyd George considers golf good for statesmen. He is naturally interested in the tee-total.

The railway station at Battle has been burgled. The thieves should be brought to book.

An American says that if Washington were alive he would feel more at home in London than New York. Not in Fleet Street.

The Kaiser wants to encourage tea-drinking in the German Army. We believe that tannin is already an institution.

The Lincolnshire Agricultural Society has been giving prizes for the bringing up of the largest families. Cultivation of the olive branch.

"English composers have steadily failed," says the *Musical Standard*. Played out, of course.

A Greenwich defendant, who owned up to having had three or four goes of rum during the day, insisted that he was "almost a total abstainer." From water.

The Suffragettes who were refused admission to the Oval recently were "caught at the *wicket*."

"How to get Good Servants," reads a *Mail* heading. But the problem is how to *keep* them.

The "Queen's Sixpence," stolen from Old London at the Franco-British Exhibition, has been returned. Surely it was not a bad one?

"Society Suit," we read. Soiled, of course.

The capture of Wick was hardly worth the candle.

"Red hair shows efficiency." Ginger *is* usually hot stuff.

We are told that the farthing is now very unpopular. People now prefer a near thing.

During the mystery turn at the Alhambra, a woman changes into a parrot. Nothing new.

We read that "excellent voices are ruined through practising in a small room." Sigh-attic-a?

Dorando has been advised to change his name to Do-run-do.

It is rumoured that the Bow tramway route will in future be called The Stud-ium.

King Peter of Servia's new Cabinet has been dubbed the "after-dinner Ministry." May he get his desserts.

Husbands who have seen the wordless play at the Tivoli do not consider it true to life.

Mr. Lloyd George has been complaining of falling revenue. We hope it will give him the bump of inventiveness.

At a recent auction, a piano realized only 26s. Probably purchased by a Chopin enthusiast.

A brass band has had beneficial effects on feeble-minded boys. B Natural was the dominant note.

Scotland Yard is anxious for dog detectives. Will they dog the criminals better?

Mr. Winston Churchill says the passing of the Licensing Bill will make the Liberals immortal. He was thinking of their bier.

"The Muzzled Ox" was clearly intended for JOHN BULL.

In a recent divorce case, the blotting pad left a good impression on the jury.

The *Mirror* asks, "Should one read at meals?" Vegetarians could not eat without their cereals.

The conduct of the officers on Submarine A9 was A1.

The Suffragettes in Holloway complain that the vegetables are not properly cleaned. Dirty business.

We are told that domestic peace depends upon the kitchen. But the general so often declares war.

There is a cigarette a mile long at the White City. "La Milo" Brand?

A missionary has been stoned in Bombay. "Potted Missionary."

SUMMER WARNING REPEATED.

At this time of the year the Stomach rebels against ordinary foods.

There is nothing more refreshing after a long walk on a hot summer's day than a cup of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, which will be welcome alike to parents and children, as besides being most pleasant to take, it will speedily remove all trace of fatigue. Mothers with fractious children well know how a cup of this delicious food-beverage will speedily calm them.

Tourists should never omit to put a tin of Vi-Cocoa in their bag. It is easily made, ready for any emergency, and ever welcome. Early and late, and in the heat of the noon-day sun, it will prove equally acceptable, and can be taken when the stomach may rebel against other foods.

Vi-Cocoa, better than any other food-beverage, supplies in the highest degree the stamina necessary to enable one to cope with the heat of summer, when this becomes excessive. Sixpence spent on a packet of Vi-Cocoa will prove the best investment you ever made.

Smokers unable to obtain "Luntin" from their Tobacconist may have a sample posted by sending six penny stamps to the Manufacturers,

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REDUCING TABLETS

(Regd).

Order "TRILENE" and no other.

"I was 11st 4lbs. but after taking 'Tri'ene' am now 8st. 9lb."

For a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY Permanently, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both HEALTH and FIGURE without change of diet.

An English Countess writes: "Your 'Trilene' Tablets act admirably."

Send 2/6 to Mr. A. WELLS, Manager, THE TRILENE COMPANY, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London.

An Interesting Book on Obesity is sent with every Box.

"I was 11st. 4lb., but after taking 'Trilene' am now 8st. 9lb."

SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Miss HINDMARSH, at Charltons, "Loughrigg," Wylam-on-Tyne, says: "I am reduced 2st., and feel very much better."

Miss W. GODFREE, 83, Albion Road, London, N., writes: "Permanently cured. It is quite twelve months ago, and I am still the same."

Mr. THOMSON, 21, Glenview Terrace, Paisley, writes: "Truly wonderful effect of Tablets on my wife. She had splitting headaches and alarming increase in weight, but both have disappeared through your miraculous Tablets. Also our servant took them with astonishing benefit, losing exactly 14lb. in two weeks. I recommend them wherever the opportunity occurs."

Mr. DAWSON, 6, Orchard Terrace, West Hartlepool, writes: "My wife has lost 7lb. in one week."

Mr. W. KAY, 12, Marchhall Crescent, Edinboro', writes: "I must state your Tablets have had such a wonderfully good effect on me, that really I am a walking advertisement of 'Trilene.'"

Convalescent Home, New Brighton, Cheshire.

Miss S. J. PRITCHARD says: "They have done me good. I am 21lb. lighter already."

J. KIRKWOOD, Esq., of Hong Kong Hotel, Hong Kong, says: "By your Tablets I last year reduced from 218lb. to 192lb. Many here take them now."

Mrs. FORD, of 28, Thursby Road, Burnley, writes: "I have taken a third of the box, and have the rest by me. Had I have taken the whole I should not have had any flesh left. I think this is a good testimony to their efficacy, and if ever I need again I shall not hesitate to apply to you."

Miss A. M. ALLEN, 52, Hertford Street, Sparkbrook, Birmingham, writes: "They have reduced me from 11st. 7lb. to 10st., and I find them very good."

Nurse CROUCHER, at Mrs. Bennet's, 14, Buckleigh Road, Streatham, says "I lost 9lb. from the box I took."

Mr. W. LEWIS, 11, St. Martin Street, Worcester, says: "The Tablets did my wife a great deal of good, much more than anything else tried. Her general health also is much improved."

Mrs. HARRIS, of Stonor Road, West Kensington, writes: "When applying to you I was 10st. I am now 7st. 12lb., and quite small."

Mrs. BRACKENBY, of 8, Chester Park, Bristol, says: "Am perfectly satisfied, reduced 1½st."

Miss PATIENT, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Extract from *The Lady*, September 3rd, 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting, or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a box of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are an unfailing cure for obesity."

Father T. M. BRYNE, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.; my case, too, is hereditary."

Mr. McLEOD, 4, Calside, Paisley, writes: "I have been cured. If you want to know my weight now, it is 10st.; reduced 1st. 8lb., and I am quite content."

Miss A. ATKINS, 329, Southdown Road, Liverpool, writes: "I lost nearly a stone from taking one box."

Mrs. CROSSLEY, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted, and cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Mrs. FORTY, 12, St. Andrew's Square, Hastings, writes: "Found very great benefit from last box, and have become much reduced in the waist."

Balgowan Lodge, Methven, N.B.

Miss McPHERSON writes: "I have taken a box, and am reduced 1st. in weight."

Mrs. JAMES SMITH, of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says: "Your 2s. 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12lb."

Col.-Sergt. WHITTLE, of East Lancashire Regt., Burnley, Lanc., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Miss NORTHLEDGE, The Laurels, Roseholme Road, Lincoln, says: "The Tablets reduced my weight 14lb., and I am cured."

Mrs. FENTON, 11, Wood Street, Tyldesley, writes: "Been fat all my life, but now your Tablets tell a tale. I have lost 17lb already, and am delighted."

Police Constable Wm. BAKER, of West Lodge Gate, Great Barton, Bury St. Edmund's, says: Your Tablets have reduced me, and they have also been very beneficial to the respiratory organs."

PRINCESS LICHTENSTEIN writes from Landsberg, Austria: "Pray send your excellent Tablets directly."

Miss BROWN, 38, Nutleigh Road, Reigate, writes: "I have lost several stone up to now."

Miss JANE CARTER, of Forthampton House, Tewkesbury, says: "The Tablets are of the greatest value, I am reduced many stone, and shall be pleased to recommend them."

Mrs. H. COX, 28, Watnall Road, Hucknall Torkard, writes: "The box of Tablets has reduced me 21lb."

COUNTESS SECKENDORFF, of Berlin, writes: "The Tablets greatly benefited me personally, and I am recommending them to friends."

Miss CHATTERTON, of 7, Salisbury Villas, Banstead, Surrey, writes: "I weighed 12st. 8lb., but am now 11st., and getting much better daily."

Mr. THOS. BLAKELEY, of 37, The Grove, Bedford, writes: "I have lost a little over 42lb. since taking your Tablets, and my case causes much local interest."

Mrs. W. A. RADFORD, of High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "I was 46 inches round waist before taking Tablets. I am 32 inches now, and hope soon to be my proper size. I could not get my garments on before sending to you, nor could I get about in comfort, but I have been up and about ever since, and am greatly reduced."

Mr. H. NICOL, 50, Dingwall Road, Croydon, wishes to say that the purchaser, having nearly finished the first box, the breathing has become normal and stoutness is lessened.

Miss E. HILLS, of High Street, Stevenage, says: "Have almost taken your box of Tablets, and am quite cured."

Miss H. WOODWARD, 19, Lofas Street, Moss Side, Manchester, says: "Was 9st. before taking the 2s. 6d. box, which reduced me about 10lb."

Miss A. WHARTON, Laburnum House, Banks Road, Crossens, near Southport, writes: "The 2s. 6d. box reduced 8lb. Shall always recommend them."

Mrs. FORTY, 12, St. Andrew's Square, Hastings, writes: "Found very great benefit from last box, and have become much reduced in the waist."

Miss E. HATTON, 2, Chepstow Mansions, London, W., writes:—"Tablets did much good in every way and reduced me 28lb."

THE TRILENE COMPANY, 66, Finsbury Pavement, LONDON, E.C.

Admiral Fanshawe says the Navy is "the great silent service." It seems to be making a noise in the world just now.

A woman charged with drunkenness was found to have her arms tattooed to the wrists. She had designs up her sleeve.

A Stuttgart professor advocates music as a cure for baldness. Airs for hairs.

It is computed that something over 1,300,000,000 "Hellos" pass over the National Telephone Company's wires in a year. The number of times the word is reversed is not stated.

"Women are difficult to tame nowadays," according to Mr. Plowden. But you can easily make them wild.

A Bill is being introduced in Natal to tax bachelors. The victims say that such measures are attacks on liberty.

After seeing, in a cinematograph theatre, pictures showing his wife being kissed by a strange man, a Budapest husband is suing for a divorce. The negatives made him positive.

"Visitors who give Chicago half a chance in the dog days will sing her praises for ever after," says the *Record Herald*, Chicago. It's the horse days we don't like.

By barking at a horse, and causing it to bolt, a dog has let its owner in for £75 damages. The owner now thinks his dog a little *dear*.

"The less we think, the more we believe," says the Rev. T. W. M. Lund. His own faith is, no doubt, prodigious.

"A Londoner who does not know his restaurants does not know his London," says Pett Ridge. But he can get an A.B.C. guide to its Lyons.

The "spankitorium" opened in connection with the children's courts in New York, for the punishment of small offences, is quite a striking innovation.

The abandoned ruffian who, being told that the Turks were to have a Constitution, replied "So they Otto-man," is hereby warned off.

The L.C.C. is "looking for a lady with a perfect figure." The members should study "Form at a Glance."

"This is the Age of taxi's," we read. More bad spelling.

After granting a Constitution to Turkey, the Sultan was asked to swear he would support the reforms. He swore.

It is stated that the Mint makes a gross profit of nearly 53 per cent. on coinage. Like its sauce.

Madame Lemoine has secured a divorce from her husband. Had she waited a little, she might have got a judicial separation free of expense.

Justice Grantham girds at old-age pensions, but proposes to draw his own 5s. and a bit more all the same, *without any evidence of desert*.

'Tis the surly word that makes you squirm.

Lyre-birds have remarkable tails. So have most lyres.

"Oh! King, live for ever!" shouted the ancients. Good biz for the insurance companies.

Apropos the Channel swim, it is the old cry of: "Wolffe! Wolffe!"

We certainly think that some of the Suffragettes should be sent to the *steak*.

The Treasury's enquiries concerning our Editor will prove that *'oratio* is *recta* and not *obliqua*.

Said a dissatisfied Irishman the other day, "The Irish Members seem to have *forgotten more than they ever knew* about agitation."

Tip to hunters: Take care of the fence; the hounds will take care of themselves.

The solicitor's favourite song, "Sue! Sue!! Sue!!!"

A jury has found that certain shrimps were contaminated by "causes other than those arising in the shrimps themselves." Potted shrimps, by the way, set up "ptomaine poisoning" not *poi*, maine.

"Marriage is the surest cure for flattery," according to *Cassell's Magazine*. True; for then you get flat-irons.

"There is something high and ennobling in the culture of flowers," says Mr. Joynson-Hicks. Man raises flowers and they return the compliment.

Zeppelin is to get £100,000 if he can soar over the silver Rhine for exactly 24 hours. They will time him by the Watch on the Rhine.

Later the Zeppelin Airship Company will start a regular service of liners—to take the place of present irregular service of penny-a-liners.

"Give me the woman who smiles because she can't help it," says the New York *American*. But what if she's smiling at you?

A Warsaw ballet dancer intends to take up the legal profession. Usually the other way about.

It is said that the emotion of gambling makes women ugly. Playin' makes them plain.

Roast beef is a mistake, we are told. But the steak need not be missed.

WANTED! A TRAINED MAN.

This is the cry of every employer throughout the United Kingdom to-day. Trained men are wanted. There is absolutely no doubt about this. It is for the *untrained* man that there is *no* demand. Hundreds of *untrained* applicants are now on employers' lists waiting to fill poorly-paid positions. And they are likely to continue waiting, because the supply of *untrained* men is greater than the demand. On the other hand, employers are continually writing asking us to supply them with trained men to fill responsible well-paid posts.

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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

OWING to the large demand, we have prepared another batch of picture postcards, and the Publisher will be pleased to forward a supply to readers upon receipt of stamped envelopes for postage.

The Rev. J. Stratton writes from Wokingham, apropos our recent reference to the removal of the aged inmate from Lucas' Hospital into the workhouse, that we are "entirely ignorant of the nature of Lucas Hospital, and, having no acquaintance with the man who was removed from it, are therefore quite unfitted to say whether it was a proper or improper thing that he should go to the workhouse." The rev. gentleman goes on to observe that the view we have formed of his action "does not interest him," but he does not condescend to give any explanation of what appeared to us, and still appears to us, to have been a particularly cruel piece of business—and this view is very much strengthened by our having just read of the death of the poor old man, a few days after his arrival at the workhouse.

H. G. W. C. (Beeston).—Afraid we have no space for any more "Religio-Scientific-Philosophy" at present.

E. S. (Woodford) informs us that she has regularly posted three copies of John Bull to different parts of Canada for the past five months, but that up to the present not a single copy has been delivered. Can it be that, in view of our criticisms of Canadian affairs, the Dominion Government are suppressing us? We must raise the matter in Parliament.

R. H. C. (Bloomsbury).—Have nothing to do with *any* of these football competitions.

E. P. (Ilford) tells us that outside the Salvation Army barracks at Daisy Road, South Woodford, he recently saw the following placard:—

On Sunday next, August 2nd, at 6.30 p.m.,
"A Dead Man's Head on View."
Kum and C what U will B like one day.

We wonder whose head it was.

C. S. G. C. (Forest Gate).—If you look up the editorial notes in our issue of August 8th (p. 122) you will see that we *did* refer to Lord Cromer and his pension.

E. G. J. (Regent's Park) would like a list of those members of the House of Lords who are in receipt of pensions. As, however, they have now passed the Old Age Pensions Bill, there is no hurry about the matter.

J. W. B. (Upper Edmonton) wants a remedy for freckles. Mrs. Bull tells us that Junon is as good as anything she knows of.

M. C. (Catterick).—Why cannot a Roman Catholic be a Puritan?

A. W. (Kingsland).—It is neither usual nor safe for journals to comment on matters whilst they are *sub judice*. You will observe that in our own inimitable manner we lost no time in drawing the moral from the Mile End Guardians' trial. We do not think Mr. Hawke has any cause to complain of the explanation we inserted, which was placed at the very commencement of our "Letter Bag" page—one of the most widely-read features of the paper.

A. B. (Manchester).—We think your decision was, in all the circumstances, a wise one. We note that Mr. Hawke is not disposed to assist you. Of course not!

R. R. H. (Lee).—Like royalty, we claim the right to have an "official" birthday.

R. C. (Aberdeen Court).—Thanks for delectable biscuit.

C. A. (Bournemouth).—We have frequently expressed the opinion that, as the majority of the people who go to professional money-lenders can offer very little security, they cannot expect to obtain accommodation upon banking terms.

W. W. (Balham).—We must accept the finding of the Commission. They sat long enough and cost the country enough money.

A. D. (London).—We have conveyed your reprimand to Mrs. Bull. She is a lady of very uncertain temperament.

B. R. (London).—Having given us such a bad character, why do you conclude with "yours admiringly"? Are you one of us?

H. O. (Greenwich).—We are afraid that in the present state of popular prejudice, anyone charged with betting offences has small chance of escape. But keep your pecker up.

G. P.—Biscuit already awarded. Thanks all the same.

T. G. B. (Gt. Grimsby).—Sorry we have not room for your long letter on the question of Divorce Law, but rest assured we are keeping our eye on the subject, and hope to deal with it effectively next Session.

"Constant Reader" (London).—You will understand that, before committing ourselves to definite charges against particular firms, it is necessary to carefully verify all the statements submitted to us.

H. P. (Camden Town) wants us to find space, free of cost, for an "appeal to women and children who visit gin palaces." We regret that we must refer him to our advertisement manager.

"Competition" (Old Kent Road.)—We have really no time to go into the matter. You had better consider the amount as the purchase price of experience.

A. A. (Roath) and S. B. K. (Putney).—Thanks for cuttings.

A. E. G. (Teddington) wishes to learn motor driving. We advise him to go to the General Motor Cab Co. in Brixton Road.

H. C. (Bolton).—We are not editorially responsible for the views expressed by contributors in signed articles.

B. J. C. (Eastbourne) agrees with our views about "Punch and Judy," and says he knows people who teach their children that it is horribly vulgar to laugh. We are not sure that we agree that laughter is "the only means God has given us of expressing happiness." Jim Crow expresses it by cracking a bottle or a head. Our correspondent goes on to regret that "good-intentioned people should be so crab-like." Does that mean that they are backsliders? We note that "simple people are nearly all dead." Perhaps that is the reason why we find it so hard to make a living.

F. G. C. (North Finchley).—The Anagram competitions in *London Opinion* appear to be a foolish form of lottery very similar to the late unlamented Limericks.

W. C. (Montrose) wants temporary military training for the unemployed. We are not great believers in spasmodic drills, but we will see what Mr. Haldane thinks on the subject.

H. C. (Eastcheap).—We are no good at riddles, but you might let us know the answer if you come across it.

E. C. P. (Chatham).—We are afraid that all our readers do not take quite so keen an interest in Mormons as you do. However, we may refer to the matter now that the silly season has come round again.

G. M. (Norbury) asserts that Jim Crow's postcard, which we published on June 20th, must have exceeded the regulation size. But Jim writes a microscopic hand.

R. S. M. (Salisbury).—The British-India Tea Co. (42, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.) sounds rather like an alias of our old friends the London Premium and Tea Co.

"Bury" (Kilburn) is a lady who wishes to draw our attention to the rude ways of the L.C.C. schoolmasters. When they meet her on her doorstep, they walk straight in and leave her to follow and shut the door. No wonder she is a Suffragette.

W. G. (Bayswater).—We are sorry to hear that we have caused heated feelings by our excursion into the realms of simple arithmetic. In future we will for ever hold our peace.

H. B. (Coventry).—The screeds as to the magistrates' clerk of your Godival town are many and ancient. Has the report of the Committee of the Council only just been circulated "by order of the Council of January 14th, 1908"?

J. H. H. (Edmonton) says that "nowhere in the United States—not even in Delaware—is flogging a *legal* penalty for breaches of prison discipline." The italics imply that the law may sometimes be overruled by over-zealous warders.

A lady who has started a "Friendly Correspondence Circle for discussing questions of the day," informs us that she will send particulars and rules on receipt of twopence. We cannot imagine why anybody should desire to add to the burthen of correspondence unnecessarily, but we do not mind mentioning that her address is 43, Parliament Hill Mansions, Highgate Road, N.W.

J. C. (Birmingham) asks us whether he shall send 1s. 6d. to an advertiser who turns out to be the notorious Truscott. The idea!

T. S. R. (Leeds) wants a leathern medal for the winner of an anagram prize in *London Opinion*, connecting congratulation with the absence of motor-cars. But some people may think it worthy of congratulation not to possess such scent-pots.

R. T. W. (St. Margaret's).—The firms you mention are no good. We cannot recommend anyone to work a racing system for you. Besides, there is no racing system.

A. H. G. (Edgbaston).—We should have thought it all right to make people pay for a taximeter from the moment it leaves the stand if it is summoned by telephone.

H. R. F. M. (Richmond).—We agree with much that you say as to the technical execution of the Strand statuary.

J. McC. (Seacombe).—We have duly forwarded your admonitions on to "P," who will, we doubt not, profit by them.

J. C. and A. C. (Birmingham) say that if we tip our horses in future, we must "see that they have got a stone in hand." Which hand?

F. C. B. (Southsea).—We agree with the Vicar of Midhurst "that young men and boys would be far better off at the rifle range on Sundays than in the streets."

W. D. (Bishopsgate) informs us that ath-bash is part of a formula used in the Hebrew calendar to calculate the date of various festivals. He knows nothing about al-bam, but recommends the "New Children's Hebrew Primer," published by J. Dickson, 20, Widegate Street, E.C.

"Denture" (Liverpool).—You might sue the dentist, but we always hesitate to advise litigation.

"Anti-Humbug."—We agree that the talk about commonplace incidents in the lives of the Prince of Wales' children is being overdone.

H. C. M. (Woolwich) wants the address of some lodgings at Bruges.

A. B. R. (London, N.W.) complains of the cloak-room arrangements at the Franco-British Exhibition.

Mrs. E. W. (Finsbury Park) complains about some fountain pens. If she will call on the makers, they say they will put the pens right.

Miss D. H. (Aintree).—We don't consider it waste of time to read your pretty compliments. Remember that all mistakes are the exclusive property of the printer.

A. A. (Regent Street) says a young lady recently came past his galleries accompanied by a ferocious bulldog, which flew at a cat and broke his window, whereupon she "discreetly hailed a taxi-cab, and, followed by her sporting companion, who seemed none the worse for his dash through a half-inch plate-glass window, drove quickly from the scene." Too bad.

J. C. (Harlesden).—The Odo-Magnetic Treatment (A. Dennison Light, M.E., 73, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.) was exposed by *Truth*. We know nothing about the Appareil Magnetique (The Health Culture Co., Ltd., 9, Walbrook, E.C.), but we are not attracted by the style of their circular.

J. C. (Streatham) is in very humble circumstances, but gave his last shilling to the Buckingham Employment Agency (7, Whitefriars Street, E.C.) to get him a job. They made definite promises, which they have never kept.

C. F. K. (Dalmanutha, Transvaal) congratulates us on our correct information about Transvaal mining properties, and sends us a circular of "The Carson Road Rejuvenator," one of the usual "electric" belt frauds.

P. P. M. (Bradford) is a German, who says that "drinking should be combined with eating, comfort and recreation (newspapers, games, the presence of wife and children, sweethearts), such as is done on the Continent." We do not quite see how drinking, games and sweethearts can be combined. Perhaps our foreign friend will enlighten us.

G. E. G. (Leicester).—Only honour and glory for biscuits.

"Bert Eldred" (Coventry).—If your friend in West Africa gets the right number, he can pass it on to you.

M. C. (Chester).—We certainly agree that the working classes pay their full share of the taxes, even when they are teetotalers.

F. S. (Hastings) sends us a very flattering poem, which we will sing after supper.

J. N. O.—No.

M. W. H. (Brixton) is a barrister who would like to become secretary to a company. If he has got any capital, he might let us know. Otherwise he might advertise in the *Times*.

W. P. (Old Kent Road).—We cannot recommend you an employment agent, and we know nothing about Messrs. Tanner and Co. (29, Mark Lane).

"SCHORS" (Gosforth).—Surely there can be an ugly likeness of a pretty person. You may be one yourself.

E. R. (Cheapside).—What evidence have you that the Mahatma "habitually ruined the whole lives of innocent girls"? If you are sure of your facts, you had better inform the police, and no doubt they will prosecute him again when he comes out. Meanwhile, we thank you for all your pretty speeches.

"CHERRY" (Mortlake) wants information about H. Brookes and Co. (Milk Street House, E.C.), who advertised for a confidential clerk, and asked for security. We shall be glad, as always, for advice from our readers.

DR. S.—Honeysuckle in a meadow certainly sounds unusual. But the newspaper said that "the whole hamlet turned out in wide-eyed wonder to see so strange a sight." What price the Prince of Denmark?

H. H. W. (Birmingham).—Even at six for threepence "Birmingham views" sound rather expensive.

C. H. (South Wimbledon) has been out of work for some time and wants to know how to get to New Zealand or Australia? So do we.

J. K. (Walworth) tells us about a young man who went to the assistance of a policeman and got no thanks, though he was badly mauled by hooligans. He may not be so zealous another time.

"READER FROM NUMBER ONE" (Walthamstow).—You are very critical about the poor fellow's spelling. After all, what does spelling matter?

G. W. (Balham).—Why do you object to the Chapel people having no collection? We have placed your love to the credit of our account.

J. H. D. (Peckham).—It was unkind of the *Morning Leader* to say that a man "served as a volunteer in the Boer war and came back to find that he had improved out of recognition as a sprinter." More unkind if not jesting.

J. A. (London, N.) tells us of two brewery managers. One of them allowed his employees as much beer as they liked, but dismissed them if they became drunk. The other allowed two pints per day per man and dismissed any who exceeded. In the course of a year the first manager dismissed far fewer men than the other. This is suggested as an argument against the Licensing Bill.

W. E. R. (Killarney) says everything is horribly expensive down there. He does not wonder that tourists go abroad.

E. D. (Chelsea).—We are too sleepy to read letters which are written in dialect. Write to us in Ethiopian.

F. H. (Tottenham Court Road).—We are not experts on violins, and our fiddler has gone home.

"JUSTICE" (Bournemouth) wants to express his surprise and disgust that we should discourage vivisection. But we should have no objection to doctors being vivisected. Surely they ought to be willing to sacrifice themselves in the interests of Science.

R. R. (Sawbridgeworth) writes: "Having read your opinion on Lotteries, Limericks and Love, I should like to know what you think of the overlapping Frog." Is this a riddle or a Limerick?

"MALO MORI QUAM FEDARI" went to Messrs. Hapgood in search of a job, and says he was told that "with the stigma of having been in the Army hanging over him" they could do nothing. If true, it certainly is not encouraging to people who are thinking of enlisting in the Territorial Army.

F. B. B. (London, E.C.)—Belloc is a bit of a wag, isn't he?

"CRIPPLEGATE" wants to know whether the word Thelma is equivalent to Zuleima or Zulma. Unfortunately we have pawned our Arabic dictionary.

X. P. P. (Bournemouth).—"An omnibus vote of thanks" is quite fair, but perhaps transitory.

P. C. (Fulham) says he reads everything in JOHN BULL, "even the advertisements." That is what they are there for.

H. J. (Belfast).—The two-year-old boy who hanged himself was evidently not born to be drowned.

E. C. (Peckham) sneers at the increase of a laundress' wages from £40 to £41. If she does not care to keep it, we will gladly drink her health.

F. B. (Sunderland).—It was rather funny of the firm to say that travellers representing it are frauds and then to add "no travellers kept." But we see what they meant.

A. K. (Rochester).—We should not have thought it so easy for a fraudulent bankrupt to obtain fresh credit.

H. K. (Cambridge) sends us one of the usual Spanish Prisoner letters. Caramba!

J. S. (Glasgow).—It was very honest of the Aluminium Gas Light Co. (5, Falcon Square, E.C.) to inform you that they have no vacancy, but if you had consented to join their "Waiting List," no doubt they would have had a shot at your five bob.

"JANNIE" (Maida Vale).—Your joke is of no avail, but you nearly made us blush. Sweet peas, indeed.

F. R. (Whitstable) wants to know many things: why Lipton was made a baronet, why there is not an uproar about millers and tied baker's shops, why there is no contributory system of old-age pensions, and why people do not take drunkards by the hand on their way to church? All in good time.

H. B. H. (Whitley Bay).—We don't think. Do you?

C. B. C. (Brixton).—We have had no complaints hitherto about Kenworthy Bros., of Blackburn.

A. P. R. (City Road) wants us to expose the Goldware and Electro Co. (23, Australian Avenue, E. C.). All right, but it is a bit late.

E. W. (Tooting).—Why should we give a biscuit for the phrase "he would end his days in the river"? Quite a good place to end them in.

R. E. (Bootle) wants to know of some books to show him how to train for estate agency and mortgage broking. There is no accounting for tastes displaced.

"LONDON SCOTT" (West Kensington).—We did not know that Scotsmen were flat-footed.

A. E. S. (Islington) is in urgent need of money and has one hour a night only to spare. Without knowing what he can do, it is difficult for us to advise. Can he play baccarat?

"WRASEL" (Great Yarmouth), W. C. M. J. (Chatham), G. F. G. (Burton-on-Trent), J. R. S. (Egremont), H. C. (Leicester), G. H. C. (York), T. H. H. (Canning Town), J. E. R. (Huddersfield), A. R. (Blackpool), H. H. J. (Crouch Hill), "WALKER" (Nottingham), H. St. J. W. (Edgbaston), H. S. D. (Prague, Bohemia), N. H. B. (Denmark Hill), F. B. (Sheffield), "TRADES UNIONIST" (York), MRS. A. W. W. (Bishopbriggs), C. N. (Clapham Common), J. L. (Bedford), C. D. (Hull), R. A. (Worthing), J. S. (Clapham Junction), and R. E. J. (Clapham).—Ta!

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

Will it Continue?

Eight million dollars is the expenditure annually over the half dozen leading American racecourses.

Note it on Racecards.

There are a number of extraordinarily named 2-year olds this season—particularly a German type of name.

Already Being Proved.

The new betting Act in America is creating trouble, and will react disadvantageously to the entire country.

English Trainers Always Prevail.

W. Mumford, the Newmarket trainer and jockey, has just arrived at Bombay, where he again anticipates having the same extraordinarily successful season as last winter.

Necessity will compel.

There can now be no question but that, before very long, an Act will be brought in to control actions at law regarding betting matters.

Liberal.

Already the Continental agents actually offer us "all in enter or not" such liberal prices as 16 to 1 on the field for the Duke of York Stakes, the Cesarewitch or the Cambridgeshire.

Every week proves it.

Whether a man's horses are winning races or not, his expenses are running on just the same, and railway companies charge just the same for conveying winners, to and from meetings, as crocks.

A common experience.

Perhaps no one becomes a greater nuisance on a course, when one is in the invariable rush, than the man who stops you to borrow a match, or to ask your opinion upon his own pet hobby.

Speaking thro' their pocket.

A very favourite and sensible plan with a good many racegoers is to go out to the five-furlong courses at Sandown, Kempton or elsewhere, to see the finish. But after their fancy has been tailed off they not infrequently express themselves as unwilling to go out again if they "can't see anything better than that."

The Colonial Morton.

George Wiall, one of the leading South African trainers, has a perfectly secluded establishment on the Cowey Road, Durban. His stable is comprised almost entirely of horses imported from England, and among them are my exportations, Fanita, Far On, Harpist, Harvest Queen, Mercury, The Swan, and Wise Beauty. Of these, Harvest Queen has just won the £1,000 Stewards' Handicap at Durban.

A key to the Future.

Ninety-nine men out of a hundred who are watching the finish of a race—particularly a big handicap—naturally follow the leaders who are fighting it out. But it is always sensible to keep an eye upon those who are just behind them, as invarably out of the fourth, fifth or sixth, something may be possibly second or third best, and a certain handicap winner in embryo.

"Our" promotion.

It is very gratifying now to observe the success attendant upon the promotion of a new event, the "John Bull" Handicap, run for at Folkestone to-day (Thursday). Not unnaturally, the Alfriston stable have nominated their representatives liberally in an endeavour, in a true sporting spirit, to win the 200 sovereigns which Mr. Bottomley puts up as the prize money. A success for the stable should be popular. I hear, however, that several of the horses are coughing, and at the moment of writing it is impossible to say what will run.

"Little" men do the work.

Oreb was such a savage that when Duller got him, it used to take a hour-and-a-half to get him on to the Downs, employing two lads, companion horses and a dog-whip. And when he got there he usually bolted, and no one could stop him. Now he has become quite docile, although none can do anything like as much with him as young Duller, who has handled him well, if unluckily; for in his hands the horse has shown form 21 lbs. better than any of his displays under crack jockeys, who have all been tried.

Prophetic.

Hurst Park this week-end will provide the sport of the week, and, of course, it would just be this enterprising executive who would promote such an event as the Champion sprint race, which will bring together nearly, if not all, the cracks of all ages in training. Its purpose will be well served—and the attendance can be well imagined as great, for we have not had such an attractive racing item for many a week now. The race will, I think, be won by

Americus Girl,

while two terrible disappointments, hitherto, in Zemski Sobor and Barker should make financial return if supported each way.

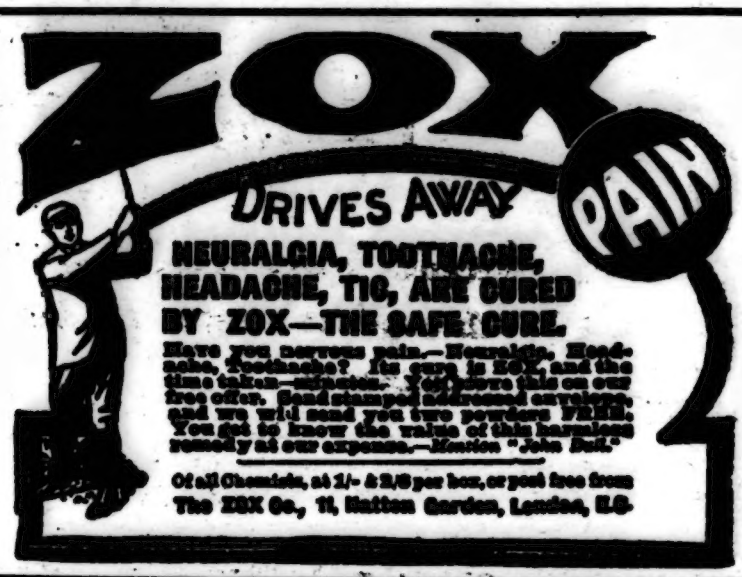
On Friday the unlucky

The Bedouin

will, I suppose, as usual, be second for the Derby Handicap, and, if he escapes a penalty,

John Bull

should be the danger to Barker in the Selling Handicap on Saturday.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Is equally as nourishing and invigourating as either beer or stout.
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For meaning of this number see Page 197.